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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

POET LAUREATE,
AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY.

1754-18
VOL. XIII.

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MINOR POEMS.

VOL. 3.

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Ballads
and
Metrical Tales.

VOL. III.

B

M A R Y,
 •
 THE MAID OF THE INN.

THE subject of the following Ballad was related to me, when a school-boy, as a fact which had happened in the north of England. Either Furnes or Kirkstall Abbey (I forget which) was named as the scene. It seems however to have been founded upon a story related in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire.

"Amongst the unusual accidents," says this amusing author, "that have attended the female sex in the course of their lives, I think I may also reckon the narrow escapes they have made from death. Whereof I met with one mentioned with admiration by every body at Leek, that happened not far off at the Black Meer of Morridge, which, though famous for nothing for which it is commonly reputed so, (as that it is bottomless, no cattle will drink of it, or birds fly over or settle upon it, all which I found false,) yet is so, for the signal deliverance of a poor woman, enticed thither in a dismal stormy night, by a bloody ruffian, who had first gotten her with child, and intended in this remote inhospitable place to have dispatched her by drowning. The same night (Providence so ordering it) there were several persons of inferior rank drinking in an ale-house at Leek,

whereof one having been out, and observing the darkness and other ill circumstances of the weather, coming in again, said to the rest of his companions, that he were a stout man indeed that would venture to go to the black Meer of Morridge in such a night as that : to which one of them replying, that for a crown or some such sum he would undertake it, the rest joining their purses, said he should have his demand. The bargain being struck, away he went on his journey with a stick in his hand, which he was to leave there as a testimony of his performance. At length coming near the Meer, he heard the lamentable cries of this distressed woman, begging for mercy, which at first put him to a stand ; but being a man of great resolution and some policy, he went boldly on however, counterfeiting the presence of divers other persons, calling Jack, Dick, and Tom, and crying *Here are the rogues we look'd for, &c.* ; which being heard by the murderer, he left the woman and fled ; whom the other man found by the Meer side almost stript of her clothes, and brought her with him to Leek as an ample testimony of his having been at the Meer, and of God's providence too." — P. 291.

The metre is Mr. Lewis's invention ; and metre is one of the few things concerning which popularity may be admitted as a proof of merit. The Ballad has become popular owing to the metre and the story : as for every thing else, *dum relego scripsisse pudet*. It has however been made the subject of a fine picture by Mr. Barker.

5

I.

Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express ?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs :
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

II.

No pity she looks for, no alms does she seek ;
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care :
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow
bleak
On that wither'd breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

III.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been ;
The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

6

IV.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile ;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

V.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life :
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

VI.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door ;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

VII.

“ ’Tis pleasant,” cried one, “ seated by the fire-side,
 “ To hear the wind whistle without.”
 “ What a night for the Abbey!” his comrade replied,
 “ Methinks a man’s courage would now be well tried
 “ Who should wander the ruins about.

VIII.

“ I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
 “ The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
 “ And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
 “ Some ugly old Abbot’s grim spirit appear,
 “ For this wind might awaken the dead !”

IX.

“ I’ll wager a dinner,” the other one cried,
 “ That Mary would venture there now.”
 “ Then wager and lose !” with a sneer he replied,
 “ I’ll warrant she’d fancy a ghost by her side,
 “ And faint if she saw a white cow.”

8

X.

“ Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?”

His companion exclaim’d with a smile ;

“ I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,

“ And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough

“ From the elder that grows in the aisle.”

XI.

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,

And her way to the Abbey she bent ;

The night was dark, and the wind was high,

And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,

She shiver’d with cold as she went.

XII.

O’er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid

Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight.

Through the gateway she enter’d, she felt not afraid,

Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade

Seem’d to deepen the gloom of the night.

XIII.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
 Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;
 Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly past,
 And arrived at the innermost ruin at last
 Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

XIV.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
 And hastily gather'd the bough ;
 When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
 She paused, and she listen'd all eager to hear,
 And her heart panted fearfully now.

XV.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
 She listen'd — nought else could she hear ;
 The wind fell, her heart sunk in her bosom with
 dread,
 For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

10

XVI.

Behind a wide column half breathless with fear
She crept to conceal herself there :
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.*

XVII.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold !
Again the rough wind hurried by, ..
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd, ..
She felt, and expected to die.

XVIII.

“ Curse the hat !” he exclaims ; “ nay, come on till
we hide
“ The dead body,” his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

XIX.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
 She gazed horribly eager around,
 Then her limbs could support their faint burthen
 no more,
 And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

XX.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view ;—
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
 For . . what a cold horror then thrill'd through her
 heart
 When the name of her Richard she knew !

XXI.

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen ;
 His irons you still from the road may espy,
 The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
 Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

DONICA.

“ IN Finland there is a Castle which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of unsounded depth, the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which foreshow either the death of the Governor, or of some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of a harper, sweetly singing and dallying and playing under the water.”

“ It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the Devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that none suspected but she was still alive; for she did both speak and eat, though very sparingly; only she had a deep paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of death. At length a Magician coming by where she was then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, ‘Fair Maids, why keep you company with this dead Virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?’ when, taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.”

The following Ballad is founded on these stories. They are to be found in the notes to *The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels*; a Poem by Thomas Heywood, printed in folio by Adam Islip, 1635.

HIGH on a rock whose castled shade
 Darken'd the lake below,
 In ancient strength majestic stood
 The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below
 Durst never cast his net,
 Nor ever swallow in its waves
 Her passing wing would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
 In wild alarm would run,
 Though parch'd with thirst, and faint beneath
 The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes when no passing breeze
 The long lank sedges waved,
 All white with foam and heaving high
 Its deafening billows raved ;

And when the tempest from its base
The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffling swept
Across the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew near
The house of Arlinkow,
Its dark unfathom'd waters sent
Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
One only child had he,
DONICA was the Maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn
Flush'd o'er her clear white cheek ;
The music of her voice was mild,
Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boast ;
Her parents loved the Maiden much,
Young EBERHARD loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life,
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair and mild the air,
Along the lake they stray ;
The eastern hill reflected bright
The tints of fading day.

And brightly o'er the water stream'd
The liquid radiance wide ;
Donica's little dog ran on •
And gamboll'd at her side.

16

Youth, health, and love bloom'd on her cheek,
Her full dark eyes express
In many a glance to Eberhard
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
Sigh'd through the long lank sedge ;
The air was hush'd, no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge.

Sudden the unfathom'd lake sent forth
Its music from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sail'd
The solemn sounds of death.

As those deep sounds of death arose,
Donica's cheek grew pale,
And in the arms of Eberhard
The lifeless Maiden fell.

Loudly the Youth in terror shriek'd,
And loud he call'd for aid,
And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the lifeless Maid.

But soon again did better thoughts
In Eberhard arise,
And he with trembling hope beheld
The Maiden raise her eyes.

And on his arm reclined she moved
With feeble pace and slow,
And soon with strength recover'd reach'd
The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheek
Return'd the lively hue ;
Her cheeks were deathly white and wan,
Her lips a livid blue.

18

Her eyes so bright and black of yore
Were now more black and bright,
And beam'd strange lustre in her face
So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gamboll'd by her side,
And loved with her to stray,
Now at his alter'd mistress howl'd,
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the Maid the less ;
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed
With deeper tenderness.

And when he found her health unharm'd
He would not brook delay,
But press'd the not unwilling Maid
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy
He hail'd the bridal day,
And onward to the house of God
They went their willing way.

But when they at the altar stood,
And heard the sacred rite,
The hallow'd tapers dimly stream'd
A pale sulphureous light.

And when the Youth with holy warmth
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

And loudly did he shriek, for lo !
A Spirit met his view,
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.

20

That instant from her earthly frame
Howling the Dæmon fled,
And at the side of Eberhard
The livid form fell dead.

1796.

RUDIGER.

"DIVERS Princes and Noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair Palace, which was situate upon the river Rhine, they beheld a boat or small barge make toward the shore, drawn by a Swan in a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stept upon the shore; which done, the boat guided by the Swan left him, and floated down the river. This man fell afterward in league with a fair gentlewoman, married her, and by her had many children. After some years, the same Swan came with the same barge unto the same place; the soldier entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children and family, and was never seen amongst them after."

"Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named Incubi?" says Thomas Heywood. I have adopted his story, but not his solution, making the unknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased happiness of a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first-born child.

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along,

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light,
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclined a knight.

23

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie,
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret;
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

24

And many a rich and noble youth
Had strove to win the fair;
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize ;
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair ;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away ;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blest as they ?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
 Absorb'd in silent thought,
 And his dark downward eye would seem
 With anxious meaning fraught :

But soon he raised his looks again,
 And smiled his cares away,
 And mid the hall of gaiety
 Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months,
 The hour appointed came,
 And Margaret her Rudiger
 Hail'd with a father's name,

But silently did Rudiger
 The little infant see ;
 And darkly on the babe he gazed, —
 A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
The holy Father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,

Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew ;

And faltering in his speech he bade
The Priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restored,
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He called upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine ;

“ And we will take the little babe, .
“ For soft the breeze that blows,
“ And the mild murmurs of the stream
“ Will lull him to repose.”

And so together forth they went,
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillow'd the little child.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the banks did roam,
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger in silent mood
Along the banks would roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

28.

“ Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger !

“ The rising mists behold,

“ The evening wind is damp and chill,

“ The little babe is cold !”

“ Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,

“ The mists will do no harm,

“ And from the wind the little babe

“ Lies shelter'd on my arm.”

“ Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger !

“ Why onward wilt thou roam ?

“ The moon is up, the night is cold,

“ And we are far from home.”

He answer'd not ; for now he saw

A swan come sailing strong,

And by a silver chain he drew

A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leapt he with the child,
And in leapt Margaret . . . breathless now,
And pale with fear and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.

The full orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendour 'through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim discolour'd light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer fluttering fast,
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear,
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice
“ Give me the child !” she said.

“ Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
“ Nor my poor heart distress !
“ I do but pay perforce the price
“ Of former happiness.

“ And hush thee too, my little babe !
“ Thy cries so feeble cease ;
“ Lie still, lie still ; .. a little while
“ And thou shalt be at peace.”

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stept on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there ;
And there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moon-beam shining round
That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood,
Her heart it paused with fear,
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
And cried, "Lo I am here!"

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd "Lo I am here!"
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh ;
Then Margaret shriek'd and gather'd then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
• And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.

"Now help me, Jesus !" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls ;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

And loud he shriek'd, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasp'd round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

1796.

JASPAR.

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone ;
And Jaspar look'd with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Toward the close of day,
And loiter'd on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came . . he loiter'd long,
And often look'd around,
And paused and listen'd eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sate him down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way,
So fair a scene might well have charm'd
All evil thoughts away :

He sate beneath a willow tree
Which cast a trembling shade,
The gentle river full in front
A little island made ;

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd . . and he heard the wind
That waved the willow tree ;
He heard the waters flow along,
And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread,
The nightingale sung sweet, ..
He started up, for now he heard
The sound of coming feet ;

He started up and graspt a stake,
And waited for his prey ;
There came a lonely traveller,
And Jaspar crost his way.

But Jaspar's threats and curses fail'd
The traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
With Jaspar's strength in vain ;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
And never spake again.

Jaspar raised up the murder'd man,
And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water then
He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse,
And cleansed his hands from gore,
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on,
And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The blood the murderer spilt,
And Jaspar's conscience never knew
The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed
The gold he gain'd so ill,
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alehouse fire
He sate as it befell,
When in there came a labouring man
Whom Jaspar knew full well.

He sate him down by Jaspar's side
A melancholy man,
For spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he
With little was content ;
But sickness on his wife had fallen,
And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

That very morn the Landlord's power
Had seized the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee,
And so by Jaspar's side he sate,
And not a word said he.

"Nay . . why so downcast !" Jaspar cried,
"Come . . cheer up, Jonathan !
"Drink, neighbour, drink ! 'twill warm thy heart..
"Come ! come ! take courage, man !"

He took the cup that Jaspar gave,
And down he drain'd it quick ;
"I have a wife," said Jonathan,
"And she is deadly sick.

“ She has no bed to lie upon,
 “ I saw them take her bed . . .
 “ And I have children . . would to God
 “ That they and I were dead !

“ Our Landlord he goes home to-night,
 “ And he will sleep in peace . . .
 “ I would that I were in my grave,
 “ For there all troubles cease.

“ In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
 “ Though wealth enough has he !
 “ God be to him as merciless
 “ As he has been to me !”

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
 On all his ills intent,
 He plied him with the heartening cup,
 And with him forth he went.

" This landlord on his homeward road

" 'Twere easy now to meet.

" The road is lonesome, Jonathan ! . .

" And vengeance, man ! is sweet."

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,

The thought it made him start ; . .

His head was hot, and wretchedness

Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went

And waited for their prey,

They sate them down beside the stream

That cross'd the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream

And never a word they said,

They sate and listen'd silently

To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow boughs,
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale ;
The soul of Jonáthan was soothed,
His heart began to fail.

“ 'Tis weary waiting here,” he cried,
“ And now the hour is late, . . .
“ Methinks he will not come to-night,
“ No longer let us wait.”

“ Have patience, man !” the ruffian said,
“ A little we may wait,
“ But longer shall his wife expect
“ Her husband at the gate.”

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,

“ My conscience yet is clear !

“ Jaspar . . it is not yet too late . .

“ I will not linger here.”

“ How now !” cried Jaspar, “ why I thought

“ Thy conscience was asleep.

“ No more such qualms, the night is dark,

“ The river here is deep.”

“ What matters that,” said Jonathan,

Whose blood began to freeze,

“ When there is One above whose eye

“ The deeds of darkness sees !”

“ We are safe enough,” said Jaspar then,

“ If that be all thy fear !

“ Nor eye below, nor eye above,

“ Can pierce the darkness here.”

That instant as the murderer `spake
There came a sudden `light ;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night :

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view the poplar isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journies there,
He surely hath espied
A madman who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair ;
For Jaspar since that hour has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day !
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul !

LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream,
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their Lord,
And he as rightful heir possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream ;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled, .
But could not fly despair ;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were all passing hours, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll ;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that ! the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul ;

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he prest ;
And wearied out, he sunk to sleep, ..
To sleep .. but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand ;

Such and so pale his face as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard...
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge !
Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear :
He only heard the storm of night, . .
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo ! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals ;
"What ho ! Lord William, rise in haste !
The water saps thy walls !"



He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear ;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

" My boat is small," the boatman cried,
" 'Twill bear but one away ;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay."

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice,
Even in that hour of woe,
That, save their Lord, there was not one
Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
 His terror was so sore ;
 " Thou shalt have half my gold," he cried,
 " Haste . . haste to yonder shore."

The boatman plied the oar; the boat
 Went light along the stream ;
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused, " Methought I heard
 A child's distressful cry !"
 " 'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
 Lord William made reply.

" Haste..haste..ply swift and strong the oar !
 " Haste . . haste across the stream !"
 Again Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

" I heard a child's distressful voice,"

The boatman cried again.

" Nay hasten on . . the night is dark . .

And we should search in vain."

" O God ! Lord William, dost thou know

How dreadful 'tis to die ?

And canst thou without pitying hear

A child's expiring cry ?

" How horrible it is to sink

Beneath the closing stream,

To stretch the powerless arms in vain,

In vain for help to scream !"

The shriek again was heard : It came

More deep, more piercing loud ;

That instant o'er the flood the moon

Shone through a broken cloud ;

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting place ;
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

“ Now reach thine hand !” the boatman cried,
“ Lord William reach and save !”
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd ; the hand he touch'd
Was cold and damp and dead !
He felt young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream ;
He rose, he shriek'd, no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

1798.

THE CROSS ROADS.

THE circumstance related in the following Ballad happened about the year 1760, in a village adjacent to BRISTOL. A person who was present at the funeral told me the story and the particulars of the interment, as I have versified them.

THERE was an old man breaking stones
To mend the turnpike way ;
He sate him down beside a brook,
And out his bread and cheese he took,
For now it was mid-day.

He leant his back against a post,
His feet the brook ran by ;
And there were water-cresses growing,
And pleasant was the water's flowing,
For he was hot and dry.

A soldier with his knapsack on
 Came travelling o'er the down ;
 The sun was strong and he was tired ;
 And he of the old man enquired
 " How far to Bristol town ?"

" Half an hour's walk for a young man,
 By lanes and fields and stiles ;
 But you the foot-path do not know,
 And if along the road you go
 Why then 'tis three good miles."

The soldier took his knapsack off,
 For he was hot and dry ;
 And out his bread and cheese he took,
 And he sat down beside the brook
 To dine in company.

“ Old friend ! in faith,” the soldier says,

“ I envy you almost ;

My shoulders have been sorely prest,

And I should like to sit and rest

My back against that post.

“ In such a sweltering day as this

A knapsack is the devil !

And if on t’other side I sat,

It would not only spoil our chat,

But make me seem uncivil.”

The old man laugh’d and moved . . . “ I wish

It were a great-arm’d chair !

But this may help a man at need : . .

And yet it was a cursed deed

That ever brought it there.

“ There’s a poor girl lies buried here,
Beneath this very place,
The earth upon her corpse is prest,
The stake is driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face.”

The soldier had but just leant back,
And now he half rose up.
“ There’s sure no harm in dining here,
My friend? and yet, to be sincere,
I should not like to sup.”

“ God rest her ! she is still enough
Who sleeps beneath my feet !”
The old man cried. “ No harm I trow
She ever did herself, though now
She lies where four roads meet.

“ I have past by about that hour
 When men are not most brave ;
 It did not make my courage fail,
 And I have heard the nightingale
 Sing sweetly on her grave.

“ I have past by about that hour
 When Ghosts their freedom have ;
 But there was here no ghastly sight,
 And quietly the glow-worm's light
 Was shining on her grave.

“ There's one who like a Christian lies
 • Beneath the church-tree's shade ;
 I'd rather go a long mile round
 Than pass at evening through the ground
 Wherein that man is laid.

“ There’s one who in the church-yard lies
For whom the bell did toll ;
He lies in consecrated ground,
But for all the wealth in Bristol town
I would not be with his soul !

“ Did’st see a house below the hill
Which the winds and the rains destroy ?
’Twas then a farm where he did dwell,
And I remember it full well
When I was a growing boy.

“ And she was a poor parish girl
Who came up from the west :
From service hard she ran away,
And at that house in evil day
Was taken in to rest.

“ The man he was a wicked man,
And an evil life he led ;
Rage made his face grow deadly white,
And his grey eyes were large and light,
And in anger they grew red !

“ The man was bad, the mother worse,
Bad fruit of evil stem ;
'Twould make your hair to stand on end
If I should tell to you, my friend,
The things that were told of them !

“ Did'st see an out-house standing by ?
The walls alone remain ;
It was a stable then, but now
Its mossy roof has fallen through
All rotted by the rain.

“ The poor girl she had served with them
Some half-a-year or more,
When she was found hung up one day,
Stiff as a corpse and cold as clay,
Behind that stable door !

“ It is a wild and lonesome place,
No hut or house is near ;
Should one meet a murderer there alone
’Twere vain to scream, and the dying groan
Would never reach mortal ear.

“ And there were strange reports about ;
But still the Coroner found
That she by her own hand had died,
And should buried be by the way side,
And not in Christian ground.

“ This was the very place he chose,
Just where these four roads met ;
And I was one among the throng
That hither follow'd them along,
I shall never the sight forget !

“ They carried her upon a board
In the clothes in which she died ;
I saw the cap blow off her head,
Her face was of a dark dark red,
Her eyes were starting wide :

“ I think they could not have been closed,
So widely did they strain.
I never saw a ghastlier sight,
And it often made me wake at night,
For I saw it in dreams again.

“ They laid her here where four roads meet,

Beneath this very place.

The earth upon her corpse was prest,

The stake is driven into her breast,

And a stone is on her face.”

1798.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A BISHOP.

Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbichop of Mentz.

It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho surnamed the Great was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonafacius the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accursed and merciless caitiffe, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this

hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate thinking that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of * Bing, and is commonly called in the German Tongue, the MOWSE-TURN.

CORYAT's Crudities, p. 571, 572.

Other Authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

* Hodie Bingen.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great Barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great Barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

“ I’faith ’tis an excellent bonfire !” quoth he,
“ And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter’d the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm.
" My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
" Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly," quoth he,
" Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, . . .
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

" I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
" 'Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high and the shores are steep
And the stream is strong and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes ; . .
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd ; . . it was only the Cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They know'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgement on him !

1799,

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

The story of the Pious Painter is related in the *Pia Hilaria* of Gazæus, but the Catholic Poet has omitted the conclusion. This is to be found in the *Fabliaux* of Le Grand.

THE FIRST PART.

THERE once was a painter in Catholic days,
 Like JOB who eschewed all evil.
 Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
 With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his
 praise
 And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels, compared to the Devils he drew,
 Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell ;
 Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue !
 And round them a sulphurous vapour he threw
 That their breath seem'd of brimstone to smell.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
 'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
 She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son,
 Many Devils already the artist had done,
 But this must out-do all before.

The Old Dragon's imps as they fled through the air,
 At seeing it paused on the wing;
 For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
 That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
 To pay their respects to their King.

Every child at beholding it shiver'd with dread,
 And scream'd as he turn'd away quick.
 Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
 Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
 Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
 He sometimes would dream of by night ;
 But once he was startled as sleeping he lay ;
 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
 That the Devil himself was in sight.

“ You rascally dauber !” old Beelzebub cries,
 “ Take heed how you wrong me again !
 Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
 Make me handsomer now in the multitude’s eyes,
 Or see if I threaten in vain !”

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
 And on faith he had certain reliance.
 So carefully he the grim countenance eyed,
 And thank’d him for sitting with Catholic pride,
 And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
 He is ready as soon as 'tis light.
 Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
 'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
 And he has the old Wicked One quite.

Happy man ! he is sure the resemblance can't fail ;
 The tip of the nose is red-hot,
 There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with
 scale,
 And that the identical curl of his tail, . .
 Not a mark, not a claw, is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight ;
 'Tis a portrait complete to his mind !
 He touches again, and again gluts his sight ;
 He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
 The Original standing behind.

“ Fool ! Idiot !” old Beelzebub grinn’d as he spoke,
 And stampt on the scaffold in ire.
 The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
 ’Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
 The Devil could wish it no higher.

“ Help . . help me ! O Mary !” he cried in alarm,
 As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
 From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
 She caught the good Painter, she saved him from
 harm,
 There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
 And cursed his own fruitless endeavour ;
 While the Painter call’d after his rage to deride,
 Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph and cried,
 “ I’ll paint thee more ugly than ever !”

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

THE SECOND PART.

THE Painter so pious all praise had acquired
For defying the malice of Hell ;
The monks the unerring resemblance admired ;
Not a Lady lived near but her portrait desired
From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted the number among
Of features most fair to behold ;
The country around of fair Marguerite rung,
Marguerite she was lovely and lively and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

O Painter, avoid her ! O Painter, take care !
 For Satan is watchful for you !
 Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare,
 The net is made ready, O Painter, beware
 Of Satan and Marguerite too.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
 On the artist she fixes her eyes ;
 The colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
 He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
 And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue !
 There's a look which he cannot express ; . .
 His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue ;
 More and more on the lady he fixes his view,
 On the canvas he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
And that look which fair Marguerite gave !
Many Devils the Artist had painted of yore,
But he never had tried a live Angel before, ..
St. Anthony, help him and save !

He yielded, alas ! for the truth must be told,
To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate.
It was settled the Lady so fair to behold,
Should elope from her husband so ugly and old,
With the Painter so pious of late !

Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
To the Husband he makes the scheme known ;
Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet,
Together they fly, they are seized in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
And a dismal companion is she !
On a sudden he saw the Old Serpent arise,
“ Now, you villanous dauber !” Sir Beelzebub cries,
“ You are paid for your insults to me !

“ But my tender heart you may easily move
If to what I propose you agree ;
That picture, .. be just ! the resemblance improve,
Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll remove,
And you shall this instant be free.”

Overjoy'd, the conditions so easy he hears,
“ I'll make you quite handsome !” he said.
He said, and his chain on the Devil appears ;
Released from his prison, released from his fears,
The Painter is snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
 And proceeds to his work as before ;
 The people beheld him, the culprit they took ;
 They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
 And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dungeon ; . . behold in his place
 In the corner old Beelzebub lay.
 He smirks and he smiles and he leers with a grace,
 That the Painter might catch all the charms of his
 face,
 Then vanish'd in lightning away.

Quoth the Painter, " I trust you'll suspect me no
 more,
 Since you find my assertions were true.
 But I'll alter the picture above the Church-door,
 For I never saw Satan so closely before,
 And I must give the Devil his due."

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR.

MERRILY, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful and frank and free,
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience avail'd no longer,
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take,
And shew her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd
To sit in St. Michael's chair ;
For she should be the mistress then
If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick,
They thought he would have died ;
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life
As she knelt by his bed-side.

“ Now hear my prayer, St. Michael ! and spare
My husband's life,” quoth she ;
“ And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee.”

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For woundily sick was he ;
“ Save me, St. Michael, and we will go
Six marks to give to thee.”

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
Teazed him by night and by day :
“ O mine own dear ! for you I fear,
If we the vow delay.”

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer :
She left him to pray, and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round and round and round ;
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top,
And look upon the ground.

“ A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower !” Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.

“ A blessing on St. Michael’s chair !”
She said as she sat down :
Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
That his good wife was dead :
“ Now shall we toll for her poor soul
The great church bell ?” they said.

“ Toll at her burying,” quoth Richard Penlake,
“ Toll at her burying,” quoth he ;
“ But don’t disturb the ringers now
In compliment to me.”

KING HENRY V. and the HERMIT of DREUX.

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest Hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought on Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God ; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment if he desisted not from his enterprize. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening ; for within some few months after he was smitten with a strange and incurable disease.

Mexeray.

He past unquestion'd through the camp,
 Their heads the soldiers bent
 In silent reverence, or begg'd
 A blessing as he went ;
 And so the Hermit past along
 And reached the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone,
The map before him lay,
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold ;
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For the holy man was old,
His look was gentle as a Saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

“ Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land !
O King, repent in time, for know
The judgement is at hand.

“ I have past forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise,
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days !

“ I used to see along the stream
The white sail sailing down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

“ Henry ! I never now behold
The white sail sailing down ;
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou
Destroy that wretched town.

“ I used to hear the traveller’s voice
As here he past along,
Or maiden as she loiter’d home
Singing her even song.

“ No traveller’s voice may now be heard,
In fear he hastens by,
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succour cry.

“ I used to see the youths row down
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came soften'd to the shore.

“ King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
I now see floating down !
Thou bloody man ! repent in time
And leave this leager'd town.”

“ I shall go on,” King Henry cried,
“ And conquer this good land,
Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand ?”

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily look'd down ; ..
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

“ What if no miracle from heaven
The murderer's arm controul,
Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul ?

“ Thou conqueror King, repent in time
Or dread the coming woe !
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow !”

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the Hermit went his way ;
But Henry soon remember'd him
Upon his dying day.

A BALLAD,
OF A YOUNG MAN THAT WOULD READ UNLAWFUL
BOOKS, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

VERY PITHY AND PROFITABLE.

CORNELIUS Agrippa went out one day,
His Study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charged her to keep it lock'd on her life.

“ And if any one ask my Study to see,
I charge you trust them not with the key ;
Whoever may beg, and entreat, and implore,
On your life let nobody enter that door.”

There lived a young man in the house, who in vain
Access to that Study had sought to obtain ;
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the Study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day,
The letters were written with blood within,
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do ;
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red-hot ;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

“ What wouldst thou with me ?” the Wicked One
cried,

But not a word the young man replied ;
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

“ What wouldst thou with me ?” cried the Author of
ill,

But the wretched young man was silent still ;
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

“ What wouldst thou with me ?” the third time he
cries,

And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart
As out he tore the young man's heart ;
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

THE MORAL.

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjuror's books they read.

1798.

KING CHARLEMAIN.

François Petrarque, fort renommé entre les Poëtes Italiens, discourant en une epistre son voyage de France et de l'Allemagne, nous raconte que passant par la ville d'Aix, il apprit de quelques Prestres une histoire prodigeuse qu'ils tenoient de main en main pour tres veritable. Qui estoit que Charles le Grand, apres avoir conquesté plusieurs pays, s'esperdit de telle façon en l'amour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout honneur et reputation en arriere, il oubliä non seulement les affaires de son royaume, mais aussi le soing de sa propre personne, au grand desplaisir de chacun ; estant seulement ententif à courtirer ceste dame : laquelle par bonheur commença à s'aliter d'une grosse maladie, qui lui apportä la mort. Dont les Princes et grands Seigneurs furent fort resjouis, esperans que par ceste mort, Charles reprendroit comme devant et ses esprits et les affaires du royaume en main : toutesfois il se trouva tellement infatué de ceste amour, qu'encores cherissoit-il ce cadaver, l'embrassait, baisant, accolant de la mesme façon que devant, et au lieu de prester l'oreille aux legations qui luy survenoient, il l'entretenoit de mille bayes, comme s'il eust esté plein de vie. Ce corps commençoit déjà non seulement à mal sentir, mais aussi se tournoit en putrefaction, et neantmoins n'y avoit aucun de ses favoris qui luy en osast parler ; dont advint que l'Archevesque Turpin mieux advisé que les autres, pourpensa que telle chose ne pouvoit estre advenuë sans quelque sorcellerie. Au moyen de quoy espiant un jour l'heure que le Roy s'estoit absenté de la chambre, commença de foüiller le corps de toutes parts, finalement trouva dans sa bouche au dessous de sa langue un anneau qu'il luy osta. De jour mesme Charlemaigne retournant sur ses premieres brisees, se trouva fort estonné de voir une carcasse ainsi

puante. Parquoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un profond sommeil, commanda que l'on l'ensevelist promptement. Ce qui fut fait ; mais en contr' eschange de ceste folie, il tourna tous ses pensemens vers l'Archevesque porteur de cest anneau, ne pouvant estre de là en avant sans luy, et le suivant en tous les endroits. Quoy voyant ce sage Prelat, et craignant que cest anneau ne tombast en mains de quelque autre, le jetta dans un lac prochain de la ville. Depuis lequel temps on dit que ce Roy se trouve si espris de l'amour du lieu, qu'il ne desempara la ville d'Aix, où il bastit un Palais, et un Monastere, en l'un desquels il parfit le reste de ses jours et en l'autre voulut estre ensevely, ordonnant par son testament que tous les Empereurs de Rome eussent à se faire sacrer premierement en ce lieu.

Les Recherches de la France, d'Estienne Pasquier,

PARIS. 1611.

It was strange that he loved her, for youth was
gone by,

And the bloom of her beauty was fled ;

"Twas the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,

And all but the Monarch could plainly descry

From whence came her white and her red.

Yet he thought with Agatha none might compare,
And he gloried in wearing her chain ;
The court was a desert if she were not there,
To him she alone among women seem'd fair,
Such dotage possess'd Charlemain.

The soldier, the statesman, the courtier, the maid,
Alike the proud leman detest ;
And the good old Archbishop, who ceased to upbraid,
Shook his grey head in sorrow, and silently pray'd
That he soon might consign her to rest.

A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all,
For Agatha sickens and dies.
And now they are ready with bier and with pall,
The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
And the strains of the requiem arise.

But Charlemain he sent them in anger away,
 For she should not be buried, he said ;
 And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
 Where array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
 The Monarch would sit by the dead.

The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain,
 And the army cry out for their Lord ;
 The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,
 Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemain,
 And still he unsheathes not the sword.

The Soldiers they clamour, the Monks bend in prayer
 In the quiet retreats of the cell ;
 The Physicians to counsel together repair,
 They pause and they ponder, at last they declare
 That his senses are bound by a spell.

With relics protected, and confident grown,
And telling devoutly his beads,
The Archbishop prepares him, and when it was
known,
That the King for awhile left the body alone,
To look for the spell he proceeds.

Now careful he searches with tremulous haste
For the spell that bewitches the King ;
And under the tongue for security placed,
Its margin with mystical characters traced,
At length he discovers a ring.

Rejoicing he seized it and hastened away,
The Monarch re-entered the room,
The enchantment was ended, and suddenly gay
He bade the attendants no longer delay,
But bear her with speed to the tomb.

Now merriment, joyaunce, and feasting again
Enlivened the palace of Aix ;
And now by his heralds did King Charlemain
Invite to his palace the courtier train
To hold a high festival day.

And anxiously now for the festival day
The highly-born Maidens prepare ;
And now, all apparell'd in costly array,
Exulting they come to the palace of Aix,
Young and aged, the brave and the fair.

Oh! happy the Damsel who 'mid her compeers
For a moment engaged the King's eye !
Now glowing with hopes and now fever'd with fears,
Each maid or triumphant, or jealous, appears,
As noticed by him, or past by.

And now as the evening approach'd, to the ball
In anxious suspense they advance,
Each hoped the King's choice on her beauties might
fall,
When lo ! to the utter confusion of all,
He ask'd the Archbishop to dance.

The damsels they laugh and the barons they stare,
'Twas mirth and astonishment all ;
And the Archbishop started and mutter'd a prayer,
And, wroth at receiving such mockery there,
Withdrew him in haste from the hall.

The moon dimpled over the water with light
As he wander'd along the lake side ;
When lo ! where beside him the King met his sight ;
“ Oh turn thee, Archbishop, my joy and delight,
“ Oh turn thee, my charmer,” he cried ;

“ Oh come where the feast and the dance and the
song

“ Invite thee to mirth and to love ;

“ Or at this happy moment away from the throng

“ To the shade of yon wood let us hasten along, ..

“ The moon never pierces that grove.”

Amazement and anger the Prelate possest,

With terror his accents he heard,

Then Charlemain, warmly and eagerly prest

The Archbishop's old wither'd hand to his breast,

And kiss'd his old grey grizzle beard.

“ Let us well then these fortunate moments employ !”

Cried the Monarch with passionate tone :

“ Come away then, dear charmer, .. my angel, .. my
joy,

“ Nay struggle not now, .. 'tis in vain to be coy, ..

“ And remember that we are alone.”

“ Blessed Mary, protect me!” the Archbishop cried;

“ What madness is come to the King !”

In vain to escape from the Monarch he tried,

When luckily he on his finger espied

The glitter of Agatha’s ring.

Overjoy’d; the old Prelate remember’d the spell,

And far in the lake flung the ring ;

The waters closed round it, and, wondrous to tell,

Released from the cursed enchantment of hell,

His reason return’d to the King.

But he built him a palace there close by the bay

And there did he ’stablish his reign ;

And the traveller who will, may behold at this day

A monument still in the ruins of Aix

Of the spell that possess’d Charlemain.

ST. ROMUALD.

Les Catalans ayant appris que S. Romuald vouloit quitter leurs pays, en furent très-affligés; ils délibérèrent sur les moyens de l'en empêcher, et le seul qu'ils imaginèrent comme le plus sûr, fut de le tuer, afin de profiter du moins de ses reliques et des guerisons et autres miracles qu'elles opéreroient après sa mort. La dévotion que les Catalans avoient pour lui, ne plut point du tout à S. Romuald; il usa de stratagème et leur échappa.

St. Foix, Essais Historiques sur Paris. — T. 5. p. 168.

St. Foix, who is often more amusing than trust-worthy, has fathered this story upon the Spaniards, though it belongs to his own countrymen, the circumstance having happened when Romuald was a monk of the Convent of St. Michael's, in Aquitaine. It is thus related by Yepes. *En esta ocasion sucedio una cosa bien extraordinaria, porque los naturales de la tierra donde estava el monasterio de San Miguel, estimavan en tanto a San Romoaldo, que faltandoles la paciencia de que se quiesse yr, dieron en un terrible disparate, a quien llama muy bien San Pedro Damiano Impia Pietas, piedad cruel; porque queriendose yr San Romoaldo, determinaron de matarle, para que ya que no le podian tener en su tierra vivo, alomenos gozassen de sus reliquias y cuerpo santo. Supo San Romoaldo*

la determinacion bestial y indiscreta de aquella gente : y tomo una prudente resolucion, porque imitando a David, que fingio que estava loco, por no caer en manos de sus enemigos, assi San Romoaldo se hizo raer la cabeza, y con algunos ademanes, y palabras mal concertadas que dexia, le tuvieron por hombre que le avia faltado el juyzio, con que se asseguraron los naturales de la tierra que ya perpetuamente le tendrian en ella : y con semejante estratagema y traça tuvo lugar San Romoaldo de hurtarse, y a cencerros topados (como dizen) huyr de aquella tierra, y llegar a Italia a la ciudad de Ravena.

Coronica General de la Orden de San Benito.— T. 5. ff. 274.

Villegas in his *Flos Sanctorum* (February 7th), records some of St. Romuald's achievements against the Devil and his imps. He records also the other virtues of the Saint, as specified in the poem. They are more fully stated by Yepés. *Tenia tres cilicios, los quales mudava de treynta en treynta dias : no los labava, sino ponialos al ayre, y à la agua que llovía, con que se matavan algunas inmundicias, que se criavan en ellos.*— ff. 298. *Quando alguna vez era tentado de la gula, y desseava comer de algun manjar, tomavale en las manos, miravale, olíale, y despues que estava despierto el apetito, dexia, O gula, gula, quan dulce y suave te parece este manjar ! pero no te ha de entrar en provecho ! y entonces se mortificava, y le dexava, y le embiava entero, o al silleriço, o a los pobres. Do.* More concerning St. Romuald may be seen in the *Omniana*, vol. i.

ONE day, it matters not to know
 How many hundred years ago,
 A Frenchman stopt at an inn door :
 The Landlord came to welcome him, and chat
 Of this and that,
 For he had seen the Traveller there before.

“ Doth holy Romuald dwell
 Still in his cell ?”
 The Traveller ask’d, “ or is the old man dead ?”
 “ No ; he has left his loving flock, and we
 So good a Christian never more shall see,”
 The Landlord answer’d, and he shook his head.

“ Ah, Sir ! we knew his worth !
 If ever there did live a Saint on earth !..
 Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt
 For thirty days, all seasons, day and night :
 Good man, he knew it was not right
 For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt ;

And then he only hung 't out in the rain,
And put it on again.

There has been perilous work
With him and the 'Devil there in yonder cell;
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.

There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sun-set until morn,

He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;
The Devil spitting fire with might and main
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid;
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,

And the hot vapour fill'd the smoking cell.

This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt, . . Oh Lord! how he did smell!

" Then, Sir! to see how he would mortify
The flesh! If any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,



And look at all the delicate things, and try,

“ O Belly, Belly !

You would be gormandizing now I know ;

But it shall not be so ! . .

Home to your bread and water .. home, I tell ye !”

“ But,” quoth the Traveller, “ wherefore did he leave

A flock that knew his saintly worth so well ?”

“ Why,” said the Landlord, “ Sir, it so befell

He heard unluckily of our intent

To do him a great honour : and, you know,

He was not covetous of fame below,

And so by stealth one night away he went.”

“ What might this honour be ?” the Traveller cried ;

“ Why, Sir,” the Host replied,

“ We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us ;

And then should strangers have

The good man’s grave,

A loss like that would naturally grieve us,

For he'll be made a Saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might ;
And so we meant to strangle him one night."

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.

THE people at Isna, in Upper Egypt, have a superstition concerning Crocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies ; they say there is a King of them who resides near Isna, and who has ears, but no tail ; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality, that of doing no harm. Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him.

Brown's Travels.

“ Now, Woman, why without your veil ?
And wherefore do you look so pale ?
And, Woman, why do you groan so sadly,
And wherefore beat your bosom madly ?”

“ Oh ! I have lost my darling boy,
In whom my soul had all its joy ;
And I for sorrow have torn my veil,
And sorrow hath made my very heart pale.

“ Oh, I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild ;
He stoop'd to the river down to drink,
And there was a Crocodile by the brink.

“ He did not venture in to swim,
He only stoop'd to drink at the brim ;
But under the reeds the Crocodile lay,
And struck with his tail and swept him away.

“ Now take me in your boat, I pray,
For down the river lies my way,
And me to the Reed-Island bring,
For I will go to the Crocodile King.

“ The King of the Crocodiles never does wrong,
He has no tail so stiff and strong,
He has no tail to strike and slay,
But he has ears to hear what I say.

“ And to the King I will complain,
How my poor child was wickedly slain ;
The King of the Crocodiles he is good,
And I shall have the murderer’s blood.”

The man replied, “ No, Woman, no,
To the Island of Reeds I will not go ;
I would not for any worldly thing
See the face of the Crocodile King.”

“ Then lend me now your little boat,
And I will down the river float.
I tell thee that no worldly thing
Shall keep me from the Crocodile King.”

The Woman she leapt into the boat,
And down the river alone did she float,
And fast with the stream the boat proceeds,
And now she is come to the Island of Reeds.

• The King of the Crocodiles there was seen,
He sat upon the eggs of the Queen,
And all around a numerous rout
The young Prince Crocodiles crawl'd about.

The Woman shook every limb with fear,
As she to the Crocodile King came near,
For never man without fear and awe
The face of his Crocodile Majesty saw.

She fell upon her bended knee,
And said, " O King, have pity on me,
For I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild.

" A Crocodile ate him for his food ;
Now let me have the murderer's blood,
Let me have vengeance for my boy,
The only thing that can give me joy.

“ I know that you, Sire ! never do wrong,
You have no tail so stiff and strong,
You have no tail to strike and slay,
But you have ears to hear what I say.”

“ You have done well,” the King replies,
And fix’d on her his little eyes ;
“ Good Woman, yes, you have done right,
But you have not described me quite.

“ I have no tail to strike and slay,
And I have ears to hear what you say :
I have teeth moreover, as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee.”

THE ROSE.

BETWENE the Cytee and the Chirche of Bethlehem, is the felde Floridus, that is to seyne, the felde floriched. For als moche as a fayre Mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundered, that sche hadd don fornicacioun, for whiche cause sche was demed to the dethe, and to be brent in that place, to the whiche sche was ladd. And as the fyre began to brenne about hire, she made her preyeres to oure Lord, that als wissely as sche was not gylty of that synne, that he wold help hire, and make it to be knownen to alle men of his mercyfulle grace; and whanne sche had thus seyde, sche entered into the fuyre, and anon was the fuyre quenched and oute, and the brondes that weren brennyng, becomen white Roseres, fulle of roses, and theise werein the first Roseres and roses, both white and rede, that every ony man saughe. And thus was this Maiden saved be the grace of God.

The Voiage and Traivaille of Sir John Maundeville.

NAY, EDITH! spare the Rose; . . perhaps it lives,
 And feels the noon-tide sun, and drinks refresh'd
 The dews of night; let not thy gentle hand
 Tear its life-strings asunder, and destroy

The sense of being! . . . Why that infidel smile?
 Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful;
 And thou shalt have a tale of other days,
 For I am skill'd in legendary lore,
 So thou wilt let it live. There was a time
 Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower that blooms,
 Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou hast not heard
 How first by miracle its fragrant leaves
 Spread to the sun their blushing loveliness.

There dwelt at Bethlehem a Jewish maid,
 And Zillah was her name, so passing fair
 That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.
 He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance
 How it reveal'd her soul, and what a soul
 Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe was he!
 For not in solitude, for not in crowds,
 Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid
 Her imaged form which followed every where,
 And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye.
 Woe was he, for her bosom own'd no love

Save the strong ardours of religious zeal,
 For Zillah on her God had center'd all
 Her spirit's deep affections. So for her
 Her tribes-men sigh'd in vain, yet revered
 The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,
 Who saw, desired, despair'd, and hated her.
 His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek
 Even till the flush of angry modesty
 Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.
 She loath'd the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,
 And the strong workings of brute selfishness
 Had moulded his broad features ; and she fear'd
 The bitterness of wounded vanity
 That with a fiendish hue would overcast
 His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,
 For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and laid a plot
 Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad
 Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports,
 Which soon obtain belief ; how Zillah's eye,

When in the temple heaven-ward it was raised,
 Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
 Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance
 With other feelings fill'd ; .. that 'twas a task
 Of easy sort to play the saint by day
 Before the public eye, but that all eyes
 Were closed at night ; .. that Zillah's life was foul,
 Yea forfeit to the law.

Shame .. shame to man,

That he should trust so easily the tongue
 Which stabs another's fame ! The ill report
 Was heard, repeated, and believed, .. and soon,
 For Hamuel by his damned artifice
 Produced such semblances of guilt, the Maid
 Was judged to shameful death.

Without the walls,

There was a barren field ; a place abhorr'd,
 For it was there where wretched criminals
 Received their death ; and there they built the stake,
 And piled the fuel round, which should consume
 The injured Maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd,

By God and Man.¹ The assembled Bethlemites
 Beheld the scene, and when they saw the Maid
 Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
 She lifted up her patient looks to Heaven,
 They doubted of her guilt. With other thoughts
 Stood Hamuel near the pile ; him savage joy
 Led thitherward, but now within his heart
 Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs
 Of wakening guilt, anticipating Hell.
 The eye of Zillah as it glanced around
 Fell on the murderer once, and rested there
 A moment ; like a dagger did it pierce,
 And struck into his soul a cureless wound.
 Conscience ! thou God within us ! not in the hour
 Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch,
 Not in the hour of infamy and death
 Forsake the virtuous ! They draw near the stake, ..
 And lo ! the torch ! ... hold, hold your erring hands !
 Yet quench the rising flames ! .. they rise ! they
 spread !
 They reach the suffering Maid ! oh God protect
 The innocent one !

They rose, they spread, they raged ; . . .
 The breath of God went forth ; the ascending fire
 Beneath its influence bent, and all its flames
 In one long lightning-flash concentrating,
 Darted and blasted Hamuel, . . him alone.
 Hark ! . . what a fearful scream the multitude
 Pour forth ! . . and yet more miracles ! the stake
 Buds out, and spreads its light green leaves, and
 bowers
 The innocent Maid, and Roses bloom around,
 Now first beheld since Paradise was lost,
 And fill with Eden odours all the air.

1798.

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

De la Pena de los Enamorados.

Un moço Christiano estava cautivo en Granada, sus partes y diligencia eran tales, su buen termino y cortesia, que su amo hazia mucha confiança del dentro y fuera de su casa. Una hija suya al tanto se le aficiona, y puso en el los ojos. Pero como quier que ella fuesse casadera, y el moço esclavo, no podian passar adelante como deseavan ; ca el amor mal sa puede encubrir, y temian si el padre della, y amo del, lo sabia, pagarian con las cabeças. Acordaron de huir a tierra de Christianos, resolucion que al moço venia mejor, por bolver a los suyos, que a ella por desterrarse de su patria : si ya no la movia el deseo de hazerse Christiana, lo que yo no creo. Tomaron su camino con todo secreto, hasta llegar al penasco ya dicho, en que la moça çansada se puso a reposar. En esto vieron assomar a su padre con gente de acavallo, que venia en su seguimiento. Que podian hazer, o a que parte bolverse ? que consejo tomar ? mentirosas las esperanças de los hombres y miserables sus intentos. Acudieron a lo que solo les quedava de encumbrar aquel penol, trepando por aquellos riscos, que era reparo assaz flaco. El padre con un semblante sanudo los mando abaxar : amenaçava les sino obedecian de executar en ellos una muerte muy cruel. Los que acompañavan al padre los amonestaven lo mismo, pues solo les restava aquella esperança de alcançar perdon de la misericordia de su padre,

con hazer lo que les mandava, y echarseles a los pies. No quisieron venir en esto. Los Moros puestos a pie acometieron a subir el penasco: pero el moço les defendio la subida con galgas, piedras y palos, y todo lo demas que le venia a la mano, y le servia de armas en aquella desesperacion. El padre visto esto, hizo venir de un pueblo alli cerca vallesteros para que de lexos los flechassen. Ellos vista su perdicion, acordaron con su muerte librarse de los denuestos y tormentos mayores que temian. Las palabras què en este trance se dixeron, no ay para que relatarlas. Finalmente abraçados entresi fuertemente, se echaron del penal abaxo, por aquella parte en que los mirava su cruel y sanudo padre. Deste manera espiraron antes de llegar a lo baxo, con lastima de los presentes, y aun con lagrimas de algunos que se movian con aquel triste espectáculo de aquellos moços desgraciados, y a pesar del padre; como estavan, los enterraron en aquel mismo lugar. Constancia que se empleara mejor en otra hazana, y les fuera bien contada la muerte, si la padecieron por la virtud y en defensa de la verdadera religion, y no por satisfacer a sus apetitos desenfrenados.

MARIANA.

THE Maiden through the favouring night
 From Granada took her flight,
 She bade her father's house farewell,
 And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain,
In hope to Murcia on they flee,
To Peace, and Love, and Liberty.

And now they reach the mountain's height,
And she was weary with her flight,
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

But while she slept, the passing gale
Waved the maiden's flowing veil,
Her father, as he crost the height,
Saw the veil so long and white.

Young Manuel started from his sleep,
He saw them hastening up the steep,
And Laila shriek'd, and desperate now
They climb'd the precipice's brow.

They saw him raise his angry hand,
And follow with his armed band,
They saw them climbing up the steep,
And heard his curses loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe,
He loosen'd stones and roll'd below,
He loosen'd crags, for Manuel strove
For Life, and Liberty, and Love.

The ascent was steep, the rock was high,
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,
The fugitives stood safely there,
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief unmoved could see
His daughter bend the suppliant knee;
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the offenders both should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below,
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair,
"Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
Then leap below and die with me."

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
They leapt adown the craggy side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid,
But never Cross was planted there,
Because they perish'd for despair.

Yet every Murcian maid can tell
Where Laila lies who loved so well,
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

1798.

GARCI FERRANDEZ.

This story, which later historians have taken some pains to disprove, may be found in the *Coronica General de Espana*.

I.

IN an evil day and an hour of woe
 Did Garci Ferrandez wed !
 He wedded the Lady Argentine,
 He loved the Lady Argentine,
 The Lady Argentine hath fled ;
 In an evil day and an hour of woe
 She hath left the husband who loved her so,
 To go to Count Aymerique's bed.

Garci Ferrandez was brave and young,
 The comeliest of the land ;
 There was never a knight of Leon in fight.
 Who could meet the force of his matchless might,
 There was never a foe in the infidel band
 Who against his dreadful sword could stand :

And yet Count Garci's strong right hand
 Was shapely, and soft, and white ;
 As white and as soft as a lady's hand
 Was the hand of the beautiful knight.

In an evil day and an hour of woe
 To Garci's Hall did Count Aymerique go ;
 In an evil day and a luckless night
 From Garci's Hall did he take his flight,
 And bear with him that lady bright,
 That lady false, his bale and bane.
 There was feasting and joy in Count Aymerique's
 bower,
 When he with triumph, and pomp, and pride,
 Brought home the adult'ress like a bride :
 His daughter only sate in her tower,
 She sate her in lonely tower alone,
 And for her dead mother she made her moan.
 " Methinks," said she, " my father for me
 Might have brought a bridegroom home.

A stepmother he brings hither instead,
 Count Aymerique will not his daughter should wed,
 But he brings home a leman for his own bed."

So thoughts of good and thoughts of ill
 Were working thus in Abba's will ;
 And Argentine with evil intent
 Ever to work her woe was bent ;
 That still she sate in her tower alone,
 And in that melancholy gloom,
 When for her mother she made her moan,
 She wish'd her father too in the tomb.

She watches the pilgrims and poor who wait
 For daily food at her father's gate.
 " I would some knight were there," thought she,
 " Disguised in pilgrim-weeds for me !"
 For Aymerique's blessing I would not stay,
 Nor he nor his leman should say me nay,
 But I with him would wend away."

She watches her handmaid the pittance deal,
 They took their dole and went away ;
 But yonder is one who lingers still
 As though he had something in his will,
 Some secret which he fain would say ;
 And close to the portal she sees him go,
 He talks with her handmaid in accents low ;
 Oh then she thought that time went slow,
 And long were the minutes that she must wait
 Till her handmaid came from the castle-gate.

From the castle-gate her handmaid came,
 And told her that a Knight was there,
 Who sought to speak with Abba the fair,
 Count Aymerique's beautiful daughter and heir.
 She bade the stranger to her bower ;
 His stature was tall, his features bold ;
 A goodlier form might never maid
 At tilt or tourney hope to see ;
 And though in pilgrim-weeds arrayed,
 Yet noble in his weeds was he,

And his arms in them enfold
As they were robes of royalty.

He told his name to the damsel fair,
He said that vengeance led him there;
“Now aid me, lady dear,” quoth he,
“To smite the adult’ress in her pride;
Your wrongs and mine avenged shall be,
And I will take you for my bride.”
He pledged the word of a true knight,
From out the weeds his hand he drew;
She took the hand that Garci gave,
And then she knew the tale was true,
For she saw the warrior’s hand so white,
And she knew the fame of the beautiful Knight.

2.

’Tis the hour of noon,
The bell of the convent hath done,
And the Sexts are begun;

The Count and his leman are gone to their meat.

They look to their pages, and lo they see

Where Abba, a stranger so long before,

The ewer, and bason, and napkin bore ;

She came and knelt on her bended knee,

And first to her father minister'd she ;

Count Aymerique look'd on his daughter down,

He look'd on her then without a frown.

• And next to the Lady Argentine

Humbly she went and knelt ;

The Lady Argentine the while

A haughty wonder felt ;

Her face put on an evil smile ;

“ I little thought that I should see

The Lady Abba kneel to me

In service of love and courtesy !

Count Aymerique,” the leman cried,

“ Is she weary of her solitude,

Or hath she quell'd her pride ?”

Abba no angry word replied,
 She only raised her eyes and cried,
 " Let not the Lady Argentine
 Be wroth at ministry of mine !"
 She look'd at Aymerique and sigh'd.
 " My father will not frown, I ween,
 That Abba again at his board should be seen !"
 Then Aymerique raised her from her knee,
 And kiss'd her eyes, and bade her be
 The daughter she was wont to be.*

The wine bath warm'd Count Aymerique,
 That mood his crafty daughter knew ;
 She came and kiss'd her father's cheek,
 And stroked his beard with gentle hand,
 And winning eye and action bland,
 As she in childhood used to do.
 " A boon ! Count Aymerique," quoth she ;
 " If I have found favour in thy sight,
 Let me sleep at my father's feet to-night.
 Grant this," quoth she, " so I shall see

That you will let your Abba be
 The daughter she was wont to be."
 With asking eye did Abba speak,
 Her voice was soft and sweet ;
 The wine had warm'd Count Aymerique,
 And when the hour of rest was come,
 She lay at her father's feet.

In Aymerique's arms the leman lay,
 Their talk was of the distant day,
 How they from Garci fled away
 In the silent hour of night ;
 And then amid their wanton play
 They mock'd the beautiful Knight.
 Far, far away his castle lay,
 The weary road of many a day ;
 " And travel long," they said, " to him,
 It seem'd, was small delight,
 And he belike was loth with blood
 To stain his hands so white."

They little thought that Garci then
 Heard every scornful word !
 They little thought the avenging hand
 Was on the avenging sword !
 Fearless, unpenitent, unblest,
 Without a prayer they sunk to rest,
 The adulterer on the leman's breast.

Then Abba, listening still in fear,
 To hear the breathing long and slow,
 At length the appointed signal gave,
 And Garci rose and struck the blow.
 One blow sufficed for Aymerique, . .
 He made no moan, he utter'd no groan ;
 But his death-start waken'd Argentine,
 And by the chamber-lamp she saw
 The bloody falchion shine !
 She raised for help her in-drawn breath,
 But her shriek of fear was her shriek of death.

In an evil day and an hour of woe.

Did Garci Ferrandez wed !

One wicked wife has he sent to her grave,

He hath taken a worse to his bed.

1801.

KING RAMIRO.

The story of the following Ballad is found in the Nobiliario of the Conde D. Pedro ; and also in the Livro Velho das Linhagens, a work of the 13th century.

GREEN grew the alder-trees, and close
 To the water-side by St. Joam da Foz.
 From the castle of Gaya the warden sees
 The water and the alder-trees ;
 And only these the warden sees,
 No danger near doth Gaya fear,
 No danger nigh doth the warden spy ;
 He sees not where the gallies lie
 Under the alders silently.

For the gallies with green are cover'd o'er,
 They have crept by night along the shore,
 And they lie at anchor, now it is morn,
 Awaiting the sound of Ramiro's horn.

. In traveller's weeds Ramiro sate
 By the fountain at the castle-gate ;
 But under the weeds was his breast-plate,
 And the sword he had tried in so many fights,
 And the horn whose sound would ring around,
 And be known so well by his knights.
 From the gate Aldonza's damsel came
 To fill her pitcher at the spring,
 And she saw, but she knew not, her master the king.
 In the Moorish tongue Ramiro spake,
 And begg'd a draught for mercy's sake,
 That he his burning thirst might slake ;
 For worn by a long malady,
 Not strength enow, he said, had he
 To lift it from the spring.
 She gave her pitcher to the king,
 And from his mouth he dropt a ring .
 Which he had with Aldonza broken ;
 So in the water from the spring
 Queen Aldonza found the token.

With that she bade her damsel bring
Secretly the stranger in.

“What brings thee hither, Ramiro?” she cried :

“The love of you,” the king replied.

“Nay ! nay ! it is not so !” quoth she,

“Ramiro, say not this to me !

I know your Moorish concubine
Hath now the love which once was mine.

If you had loved me as you say,
You would never have stolen Ortiga away ;

If you had never loved another,
I had not been here in Gaya to-day
The wife of Ortiga's brother !

But hide thee here, .. a step I hear, ..
King Alboazar draweth near.”

In her alcove she bade him hide :

“King Alboazar, my lord,” she cried,
“What wouldst thou do, if at this hour
King Ramiro were in thy power ?”

"This I would do," the Moor replied,

"I would hew him limb from limb,

As he, I know, would deal by me,

So I would deal by him."

"Alboazar!" Queen Aldonza said,

"Lo! here I give him to thy will;

In yon alcove thou hast thy foe,

Now thy vengeance then fulfil!"

With that upspake the Christian king:

"O! Alboazar deal by me

As I would surely deal with thee,

If I were you, and you were me!

Like a friend you guested me many a day,

Like a foe I stole your sister away;

The sin was great, and I felt its weight,

All joy by day the thought opprest,

And all night long it troubled my rest;

Till I could not bear the burthen of care,

But told my confessor in despair.

And he, my sinful soul to save,
 This penance for atonement gave ;
 That I before you should appear
 And yield myself your prisoner here,
 If my repentance was sincere,
 That I might by a public death
 Breathe shamefully out my latest breath.

“ King Alboazar, this I would do,
 ‘ If you were I, and I were you ;
 I would give you a roasted capon first,
 And a skinfull of wine to quench your thirst,
 And after that I would grant you the thing
 Which you came to me petitioning.
 Now this, O King, is what I crave,
 That I my sinful soul may save :
 Let me be led to your bull-ring,
 And call your sons and daughters all,
 And assemble the people both great and small,
 And let me be set upon a stone,
 That by all the multitude I may be known,

And bid me then this horn to blow,
 And I will blow a blast so strong,
 And wind the horn so loud and long
 That the breath in my body at last shall be gone,
 And I shall drop dead in sight of the throng.
 Thus your revenge, O King, will be brave,
 Granting the boon which I come to crave,
 And the people a holyday sport will have,
 And I my precious soul shall save ;
 For this is the penance my confessor gave.
 King Alboazar, this I would do,
 If you were I, and I were you."

" This man repents his sin, be sure !"
 To Queen Aldonza said the Moor, .
 " He hath stolen my sister away from me,
 I have taken from him his wife ;
 Shame then would it be when he comes to me,
 And I his true repentance see,
 If I for vengeance should take his life."

“ O Alboazar !” then quoth she,
 “ Weak of heart as weak can be !

Full of revenge and wiles is he.
 Look at those eyes beneath that brow,
 I know Ramiro better than thou !

Kill him, for thou hast him now,
 He must die, be sure, or thou.

Hast thou not heard the history

How, to the throne that he might rise,
 He pluck'd out his brother Ordono's eyes ?
 And dost not remember his prowess in fight,
 How often he met thee and put thee to flight,
 And plunder'd thy country for many a day ;
 And how many Moors he has slain in the strife,
 And how many more he has carried away ?
 How he came to show friendship . . and thou didst
 believe him ?
 How he ravish'd thy sister, and wouldst thou for-
 give him ?
 And hast thou forgotten that I am his wife,

And that now by thy side I lie like a bride,
 The worst shame that can ever a Christian betide?
 And cruel it were when you see his despair,
 If vainly you thought in compassion to spare,
 And refused him the boon he comes hither to crave :
 For no other way his poor soul can he save,
 Than by doing the penance his confessor gave.”

As Queen Aldonza thus replies,
 The Moor upon her fixed his eyes,
 And he said in his heart, unhappy is he
 Who putteth his trust in a woman !
 Thou art King Ramiro's wedded wife,
 And thus wouldst thou take away his life !
 What cause have I to confide in thee ?
 I will put this woman away from me.
 These were the thoughts that past in his breast,
 But he call'd to mind Ramiro's might :
 And he fear'd to meet him hereafter in fight,
 And he granted the king's request.

So he gave him a roasted capon first,
 And a skinful of wine to quench his thirst ;
 And he call'd for his sons and daughters all,
 And assembled the people both great and small ;
 And to the bull-ring he led the king ;
 And he set him there upon a stone,
 That by all the multitude he might be known,
 And he bade him blow through his horn a blast,
 As long as his breath and his life should last.

Oh then his horn Ramiro wound :
 The walls rebound the pealing sound,
 That far and wide rings echoing round ;
 Louder and louder Ramiro blows,
 And farther the blast and farther goes ;
 Till it reaches the gallies where they lie close
 Under the alders, by St. Joam da Foz.
 It roused his knights from their repose,
 And they and their merry men arose.
 Away to Gaya they speed them straight ;
 Like a torrent they burst through the city gate ;

And they rush among the Moorish throng,
And slaughter their infidel foes.

Then his good sword Ramiro drew,
Upon the Moorish king he flew,
And he gave him one blow which cleft him through.
They killed his sons and his daughters too ;
Every Moorish soul they slew ;
Not one escaped of the infidel crew ;
Neither old nor young, nor babe nor mother
And they left not one stone upon another.

They carried the wicked Queen aboard,
And they took counsel what to do to her
They tied a mill-stone round her neck,
And overboard in the sea they threw her.
She had water enow in the sea I trow !
But glad would Queen Aldonza be,
Of one drop of water from that salt sea,
To cool her where she is now.

1802.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

An old * writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed evêrie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the saide rocke there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God."

Stoddart's Remarks on Scotland,

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea;
 The ship was still as she could be;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

* See a Brief Description of Scotland, &c. by J.M., 1633.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
 The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
 So little they rose so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell ;
 And then they knew the perilous rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day ;
 The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
 And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green ;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
 And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck

He felt the sneering power of spring,
 It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float ;
 Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape Float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gutgling sound,
 The bubbles rose and burst around ;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
 Wo'n't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
 He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
 And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
 They cannot see the sun on high ;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

“ Canst hear,” said one, “ the breakers roar ?
 For methinks we should be near the shore.”
 “ Now, where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell.”

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
 Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
 “ Oh Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !”

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
 He curst himself in his despair ;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

“ I know not whether it be worth the reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. • The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.” — *Fuller*.

This passage in one of the folios of the Worthy old Fuller, who, as he says, knew not whether it were worth the reporting, suggested the following Ballad: and the Ballad has produced so many imitations that it may be prudent here thus to assert its originality, lest I should be accused hereafter of having committed the plagiarism which has been practised upon it. •

Of St. Keyne, whose death is placed in the year 490, and whose deposition used to be celebrated in Brecknockshire, on October 8, there is a brief account in the English Martyrologe. Father Cressy the Benedictine gives her history more fully. “ Illustrious,” says he, “ she was for her birth, being the daughter, of Braganus, prince of that province in Wales, which, from him, was afterwards called Brecknockshire; but more illustrious for her zeal to preserve her chastity, for which reason she was called in the British language Keynevayra, that is, Keyna the Virgin.”

2. This Prince Braganus, or Brachanus, the father of St.

Keyna, is * said to have had twelve sons and twelve daughters by his lady, called Marcella, daughter of Theodoric son of Tethphalt, Prince of Garthmatrin, the same region called afterward Brecknock: Their first-born son was St. Canoc: and their eldest daughter was Gladus, who was mother of Cadocus by St. Gunley, a holy king of the southern Britons. The second daughter was Melaria, the mother of the holy Archbishop St. David. Thus writes Capgrave, neither doth he mention any of their children besides St. Keyna.

3. But in Giraldus Cambrensis† another daughter is commemorated, called St. Almedha. And David Powel‡ makes mention of a fifth named Tydvaël, who was the wife of Congen the son of Cadel, Prince of Powisland; and mother of Brochmael, surnamed Scithroc, who slew Ethelfred King of the Northumbers.

4. Concerning the Holy Virgin St. Keyna, we find this narration in the author of her life, extant in Capgrave§: "She was of royal blood, being daughter of Braganus, Prince of Brecknockshire. When she came to ripe years many noble persons sought her in marriage; but she utterly refused that state, having consecrated her virginity to our Lord by a perpetual vow. For which cause she was afterward by the Britons called Keyn-wlri, that is, Keyna the Virgin."

5. At length she determined to forsake her country and

* *Antiquit. Glaston.*

† *Girald. Camb. l. i. c. 2.*

‡ *D. Powel in Annotat. ad Girald.*

§ *Capgrav. in S. Keyna.*

find out some desert place, where she might attend to contemplation. Therefore, directing her journey beyond Severn, and there meeting with certain woody places, she made her request to the prince of that country that she might be permitted to serve God in that solitude. His answer was, that he was very willing to grant her request, but that that place did so swarm with serpents that neither men nor beasts could inhabit in it. But she constantly replied, that her firm trust was in the name and assistance of Almighty God, to drive all that poisonous brood out of that region.

6. Hereupon the place was granted to the Holy Virgin; who presently prostrating herself in fervent prayer to God, obtained of him to change all the serpents and vipers there into stones. And to this day the stones in that region do resemble the windings of serpents through all the fields and villages, as if they had been framed so by the hand of the engraver.

7. Our learned Camden, in his diligent search after antiquities, seems to have visited this country, being a part of Somersetshire, though he is willing to disparage the miracle. His words are, "On the western bank of Avon is seen the town of Cainsham. Some are of opinion, that it was named so from Keyna, a most holy British Virgin, who, according to the credulous persuasion of former ages, is believed to have turned serpents into stones; because such like miracles of sporting nature are there sometimes found in the quarries. I myself saw a stone brought from thence representing a serpent rolled up into a spire: the head of it stuck out in the outward surface, and the end of the tail terminated in the centre."

8. But let us prosecute the life of this holy Virgin. Many

years being spent by her in this solitary place, and the fame of her sanctity every where divulged, and many oratories built by her, her nephew St. Cadoc performing a pilgrimage to the Mount of St. Michael, met there with his blessed aunt, St. Keyna, at whose sight he was replenished with great joy. And being desirous to bring her back to her own country, the inhabitants of that region would not permit him. But afterward, by the admonition of an angel, the holy Maid returned to the place of her nativity, where, on the top of a hillock seated at the foot of a high mountain, she made a little habitation for herself; and by her prayers to God obtained a spring there to flow out of the earth, which, by the merits of the Holy Virgin, afforded health to divers infirmities.

9. But when the time of her consummation approached, one night she, by the revelation of the Holy Ghost, saw in a vision, as it were, a fiery pillar, the base whereof was fixed on her bed: now her bed was the pavement strewed over with a few branches of trees. And in this vision two angels appeared to her; one of which approaching respectfully to her, seemed to take off the sackcloth with which she was covered, and instead thereof to put on her a smock of fine linen, and over that a tunic of purple, and last of all a mantle all woven with gold. Which having done, he thus said to her, "Prepare yourself to come with us, that we may lead you into your heavenly Father's kingdom." Hereupon she wept with excess of joy, and endeavouring to follow the angels she awaked, and found her body inflamed with a fever, so that she perceived her end was near.

10. Therefore, sending for her nephew Cadocus, she said to him, "This is the place above all others beloved by me:

here my memory shall be perpetuated. This place I will often visit in spirit if it may be permitted me. And I am assured it shall be permitted me, because our Lord has granted me this place as a certain inheritance. The time will come when this place shall be inhabited by a sinful people, which notwithstanding I will violently root out of this seat. My tomb shall be a long while unknown, till the coming of other people whom by my prayers I shall bring hither : them will I protect and defend ; and in this place shall the name of our Lord be blessed for ever."

11. After this, her soul being ready to depart out of her body, she saw standing before her a troop of heavenly angels, ready joyfully to receive her soul, and to transport it without any fear or danger from her spiritual enemies. Which, having told to those who stood by, her blessed soul was freed from the prison of her body on the eighth day before the Ides of October. In her dissolution her face smiled, and was all of a rosy colour ; and so sweet a fragrancy proceeded from her sacred virgin body, that those who were present thought themselves in the joy of Paradise. St. Cadocus buried her in her own oratory, where for many years she had led a most holy mortified life ; very acceptable to God.

Church History of Brittany, Book X. Ch. 14.

Such is the history of St. Keyne as related by F. Serenus Cressy, *permissu superiorum, et approbatione Doctorum* ! There was evidently a scheme of setting up a shrine connected with the legend. In one part it was well conceived, for the Cornu Ammonis is no where so frequently found as near Keynsbam ; fine specimens are to be seen over the doors of many of the

houses there, and I have often observed fragments among the stones which were broken up to mend the road. The Welsh seem nearly to have forgotten this saint. Mr. Owen, in his Cambrian Biography, enumerates two daughters of Brychan, Ceindrech and Ceinwen, both ranked among saints, and the latter having two churches dedicated to her in Mona. One of these is probably St. Keyne.

A WELL there is in the west country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;
 There is not a wife in the west country
 But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
 And behind does an ash-tree grow,
 And a willow from the bank above
 Droops to the water belbw.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
 Joyfully he drew nigh,
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.



He drank of the water so cool and clear,

For thirsty and hot was he,

And he sat down upon the bank

Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town

At the Well to fill his pail ;

On the well-side he rested it,

And he bade the Stranger hail.

“ Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger ?” quoth he,

“ For an if thou hast a wife,

The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day

That ever thou didst in thy life.

“ Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,

Ever here in Cornwall been ? -

For an if she have, I'll venture my life

She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,”
 The Stranger he made reply,
 “ But that my draught should be the better for that,
 I pray you answer me why?”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “ many a time
 Drank of this crystal Well;
 And before the Angel summon’d her,
 She laid on the water a spell.

“ If the husband of this gifted Well
 Shall drink before his wife,
 A happy man henceforth is he,
 For he shall be master for life.

“ But if the wife should drink of it first, . .
 God help the husband then !”
 The Stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
 And drank of the water again.

“ You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?”

He to the Cornish-man said :

But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“ I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.”

BISHOP BRUNO.

" Bruno, the Bishop of Herbipolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius, with Henry the Third, then Emperor, being not far from a place which the Germanes call *Ben Strudel*, or the devouring gulf, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, ' Hô, ho, Bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling? but dispose of thyselfe how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoil.' At the hearing of these words they were all stupified, and the Bishop with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the Bishop, feasting with the Emperor in a castle belonging to the Countesse of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table."

Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright :
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
• And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again ;
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream!
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night, ..
Oh! glad was he when he saw the day-light!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a Baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
"Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee, ..
But I would have you know, you travel to me!"

Behind and before and on either side,
 He look'd, but nobody he espied ;
 And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
 For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the palace bell,
 He almost expected to hear his knell ;
 And when the porter turn'd the key,
 He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
 For the Emperor welcomed him royally ;
 And now the tables were spread, and there
 Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,
 When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,
 " With the Emperor now you are dining in glee,
 But know, Bishop Bruno ! you sup with me !"

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
 And suddenly lost his appetite ;
 All the wine and dainty cheer
 Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
 For the wine went flowing merrily,
 And he forgot his former dread,
 And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
 Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there ;
 But when the masquers enter'd the hall,
 He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
 There went a voice hollow and loud, . .
 " You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee !
 But you must pass the night with me !"

'His cheek grows pale, and his eye-balls glare,
 And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair ;
 With that there came one from the masquers' band,
 And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
 His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death ;
 On saints in vain he attempted to call,
 Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round;
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s scull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill’d each other for.”

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 " Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But every body said," quoth he,
 " That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

" With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby died.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

" They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

" Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 " Why 'twas a very wicked thing !"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 " Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,
 " It was a famous victory.

" And every body praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 " But what good came of it at last ?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 " Why that I cannot tell," said he,
 " But 'twas a famous victory."

A TRUE BALLAD

OF

ST. ANTIDIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL.

Deste Atendio cuentan las estorias que le avino, que el martes despues de Rainos, passo por la puente de un rio que ha nombre Divino; e vio en un campo gran compana de diablos que estavan contando a sus principes los males que faxien por los tierras; e entre todos los otros estava un negro a manera de Etyopiano: e alabava se que avie siete anos que andava lidiando con el Papa por le fazer pecar, e nunca pudiera sy non entonces que le fiziera fazer ya que pecado muy grave; e esto provava lo por la sandalia del apostoligo que traye. E Sant Atendio que vido aquello, llamo aquel diablo, e conjuro por la virtud de Dios e por la Santa Cruz que lo llevase a Roma; e cavalgo en el; e llevo a Roma. El jueves de la cena a hora de missa, el Papa que querie revestirse para dexir missa; dexo sant Atendio al diablo a la puerta e dixol que lo atendiese; e el entro dentro el saco e Papa aparte, e dixol que fizesse penitencia de aquel pecado; e el quiso lo negar, mas fizo gelo otorgar el santo obispo con a sandalia que le dio. E fizo el Papa penitencia; e dixo sant Atendio la missa en su lugar, e consagro la crisma; e tomo una partida della para sy; e despediosse del Papa, e salio fuera, e cavalgo en el diablo, e llevo lo a su arçobispado el sabado de pascua a hora de missa.

CORONICA DE ESPANA, ff. 139.

This Saint Atendio, according to the *Chronica General*, was Bishop of Vesyтана in Gaul, and martyred by the Vandals in the year 411. The Spaniards have a tradition that he was bishop of Jaen; they say, "that as the devil was crossing the sea with this unwelcome load upon his back, he artfully endeavoured to make Atendio pronounce the name of Jesus, which, as it breaks all spells, would have enabled him to throw him off into the water; but that the Bishop, understanding his intent, only replied, *Arre Diablo*, 'Gee-up, Devil!' and they add, "that when he arrived at Rome, his hat was still covered with the snow which had fallen upon it while he was passing the Alps, and that the hat is still shown at Rome in confirmation of the story and the miracle." Feyjoo has two letters upon this whimsical legend among his *Cartas Eruditas*. In the first (T. 1. Carta 24.) he replies to a correspondent who had gravely enquired his opinion upon the story, "*De buen humor*," says he, "*estaba V. md. quando le ocurrió inquirir mi dictamen, sobre la Historieta de el Obispo de Jahen, de quien se cuenta, que fue a Roma en una noche, caballero sobre la espalda de un Diablo de alquiler: Triste de mí, si essa curiosidad se hace contagiosa, y dan muchos en seguir el exemplo de V. md. consultandome sobre cuentos de niños y viejas.*" Nevertheless, though he thus treats the story as an old wife's tale, he bestows some reasoning upon it. "As he heard it," he says, "it did not appear whether the use which the Bishop made of the Devil were licit or illicit; that is, whether he made use of him as a wizard, by virtue of a compact, or by virtue of authority, having the permission of the Most High so to do. In either case there is a great incongruity. In the first, inasmuch as it is not credible that the Devil should voluntarily serve the Bishop for the purpose of preventing a great evil to the church:—I say *voluntarily*, because the notion that a com-

pact is so binding upon the Devil that he can in no ways resist the pleasure of the person with whom he has contracted *es cosa de Theologos de Vade à la cinta*. In the second, because the journey being designed for a holy purpose, it is more comfortable to reason that it should have been executed by the ministry of a good angel than of a bad one; as, for instance, Habakkuk was transported by the ministry of a good angel from Judæa to Babylon, that he might carry food to the imprisoned Daniel. If you should oppose to me the example of Christ, who was carried by the Devil to the pinnacle of the Temple, I reply, that there are two manifest disparities. The first, that Christ conducted himself in this case passively and permissively; the second, that the Devil placed him upon the pinnacle of the Temple, not for any good end, but with a most wicked intention. "But," pursues the good Benedictine, "why should I fatigue myself with arguing? I hold the story unworthy of being critically examined till it be shown me written in some history, either ecclesiastical or profane, which is entitled to some credit."

Soon after this letter was published, another correspondent informed Feyjoo, that the story in question was written in the General Chronicle of King D. Alphonso the Wise. This incited him to farther enquiry. He found the same legend in the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincentius Belovacensis, and there discovered that the saint was called Antidius, not Athendius, and that the scene lay upon the river Dunius instead of the river Divinus. Here too he found a reference to Sigebertus Gemblacensis; and in that author, the account which the Chronicler had followed and the explanation of his errors in the topography: his Vesytania proving to be Besançon, and the river the Doux, which the Romans called Dubius, Dubis, and Aduadubis. But he found also to his comfort, that though Jean Jacques Chifflet,

a physician of Besançon, had endeavoured to prove the truth of the story for the honour of his nation or city, in a book entitled, *Vesontio Civitas Imperialis Libera Sequanorum*, and had cited certain ancient Acts and Breviaries, in support of it; the veracious Bollandists had decided that these Acts were apochryphal, the Breviaries not to be believed in this point, and the whole story a fable which had been equally related of St. Maximus Taurinensis, and Pope Leo the Great. These Bollandists strain at a gnat, and swallow an Aulay with equal gravity. Fortified by their authority, Feyjoo, who was worthy to have belonged to a more enlightened church, triumphantly dismissed the legend, and observed, "that the contriver was a clumsy fabler to make the Devil spend two days upon the journey, which," as he says, "is slow travelling for an infernal postillion." (*Cartas Euridilas*, T. 2. C. 21.) The discussion, however, reminded him of a curious story, which he thus relates: "There is in this city of Oviedo a poor Porter, called by name Pedro Moreno, of whom a tale is told similar in substance to this of the Bishop of Jaen. The circumstance is related in this manner. Some letters had been delivered to him which he was to carry to Madrid with more than ordinary diligence, because expedition was of importance. At a little distance from this city he met with a friar, who offered to join company with him for the journey: to this he objected, upon the ground, that he was going in great haste, and that the friar would not be able to keep pace with him; but in fine, the friar prevailed upon him to let it be so, and at the same time gave him a walking-stick for his use. So they began to travel together, and that so well, that Valladolid being forty leagues (160 miles) from Oviedo, they got beyond that city on the first day to dinner. The rest of the journey was performed with the same celerity. This story

spread through the whole place, and was believed by all the vulgar (and by some also who were not of the vulgar) when it came to my ears: the authority referred to, was the man himself, who had related it to an infinite number of persons. I sent for him to my cell to examine him. He affirmed that the story was true, but by questioning and cross-questioning him concerning the particulars, I made him fall into many contradictions. Moreover, I found that he had told the story with many variations to different persons. What I clearly ascertained was, that he had heard the legend of the Bishop of Jahen, and thought to become a famous man, by making a like fable believed of himself. I believe that many persons were undeceived when my enquiry was known. But before this examination was made, to how many places had the report of this miraculous journey extended, where the exposure of the falsehood will never reach! Perhaps, if this writing should not prevent it, the journey of Pedro Moreno, the porter, will one day be little less famous in Spain than that of the Bishop of Jaen." (*Cartas Eruditas*. T. 1. C. 24.)

It is Antidius the Bishop
 Who now at even tide,
 Taking the air and saying a prayer,
 Walks by the river side.
 The Devil had business that evening,
 And he upon earth would go;

For it was in the month of August,
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle,
And up to earth he hied,
To do it there in the evening air,
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,
Of his affairs to tell ;
From the north, and the south, and the east, and
the west ;
They brought him the news that he liked best,
Of the things they had done, and the souls they
had won,
And how they sped well in the service of Hell.

There came a devil posting in
Return'd from his employ,
Seven years had he been gone from Hell,
And now he came grinning for joy.

"Seven years," quoth he, "of trouble and toil
 Have I labour'd the Pope to win;
 And I to-day have caught him,
 He hath done the deadly sin."
 And then he took the Devil's book,
 And wrote the deed therein.

"Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy,
 He drew his mouth so wide,
 You might have seen his iron teeth,
 Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail,
 He knew not for joy what to do,
 In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,
 It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this,
 Straight how to act bethought him;
 He leapt upon the Devil's back,
 And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And made a cross on the Devil's head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or spur,
Away they go like the wind,
The beads of the Bishop are hanging before,
And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a witch and she hail'd them
As soon as she came within call ;
“ Ave Maria !” the Bishop exclaimed,
It frightened her broomstick and she got a fall.

He ran against a shooting star,
So fast for fear did he sail,
And he singed the beard of the Bishop
Against a Comet's tail.

And he pass'd between the horns of the Moon,
 With Antidius on his back ;
 And there was an eclipse that night,
 Which was not in the Almanack.

The Bishop just as they set out,
 To tell his beads begun ;
 And he was by the bed of the Pope
 Before the string was done.

The Pope fell down upon his knees,
 In terror and confusion,
 And he confess'd the deadly sin,
 And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,
 Sung, O be joyful ! then ;
 And all the Popes in bale that be,
 They howl'd for envy then ;
 For they before kept jubilee,

Expecting his good company,
Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done
To bind his soul to hell ?

Ah ! that is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And I wish that I could tell.

But would you know to hell you must go,
You can easily find the way,
It is a broad and a well-known road
That is travell'd by night and by day.

And you must look in the Devil's book ;
You will find one debt that was never paid yet
If you search the leaves throughout ;
'And that is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And the way to find it out.

QUEEN ORRACA,
AND THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO.

This Legend is related in the Chronicle of Affonso II., and in the *Historia Serafica* of Fr. Manoel da Esperança.

THE friars five have girt their loins,
And taken staff in hand ;
And never shall those friars again
Hear mass in Christian land.

They went to Queen Orraca,
To thank her and bless her then ;
And Queen Orraca in tears
Knelt to the holy men.

“ Three things, Queen Orraca,
We prophesy to you :
Hear us, in the name of God !
For time will prove them true.

“ In Morocco we must martyr’d be ;
Christ hath vouchsafed it thus :
We shall shed our blood for him
Who shed his blood for us.

“ To Coimbra shall our bodies be brought ;
For such is the will divine ;
That Christians may behold and feel
Blessings at our shrine.

“ And when unto the place of rest
Our bodies shall draw nigh,
Who sees us first, the King or you,
That one that night must die. •

“ Fare thee well, Queen Orraca ;
For thy soul a mass we will say,
Every day while we do live,
And on thy dying day.”

The friars they blest her, one by one,
 Where she knelt on her knee ;
 And they departed to the land
 Of the Moors beyond the sea

“ What news, O King Affonso !
 What news of the friars five ?
 Have they preach'd to the Miramamolin ;
 And are they still alive ?”

“ They have fought the fight, O Queen !
 They have run the race ;
 In robes of white they hold the palm
 Before the throne of grace.

“ All naked in the sun and air
 Their mangled bodies lie ;
 What Christian dared to bury them,
 By the bloody Moors would die.’

“ What news, O King Affonso,
 Of the Martyrs five what news ?
 Doth the bloody Miramamolin
 Their burial still refuse ?”

“ That on a dunghill they should rot,
 The bloody Moor decreed ;
 That their dishonour'd bodies should
 The dogs and vultures feed :

“ But the thunder of God roll'd over them,
 And the lightning of God flash'd round ;
 Nor thing impure, nor man impure,
 Could approach the holy ground.

“ A thousand miracles appall'd
 The cruel Pagan's mind.
 Our brother Pedro brings them here,
 In Coimbra to be shrined.”

Every altar in Coimbra
 Is drest for the festival day ;
 All the people in Coimbra
 Are dight in their richest array.

Every bell in Coimbra
 Doth merrily, merrily ring ;
 The clergy and the knights await,
 To go forth with the Queen and the King.

“ Come forth, come forth, Queen Orraca !
 We make the procession stay.”
 “ I beseech thee, King Affonso,
 Go you alone to-day.

“ I have pain in my head this morning,
 I am ill at heart also :
 Go without me, King Affonso,
 For I am too sick to go.”

“ The relics of the Martyrs five
 All maladies can cure ;
 They will requite the charity
 You shew'd them once, be sure :

“ Come forth then, Queen Orraca !
 You make the procession stay :
 It were a scandal and a sin
 To abide at home to-day.”

Upon her palfrey she is set,
 And forward then they go ;
 And over the long bridge they pass,
 And up the long hill wind slow.

“ Prick forward, King Affonso,
 And do not wait for me ;
 To meet them close by Coimbra,
 It were discourtesy.

“ A little while I needs must wait,
 Till this sore pain be gone : . . .
 I will proceed the best I can,
 But do you and your knights prick on.”

The King and his knights prick'd up the hill
 Faster than before ;
 The King and his knights have topt the hill,
 And now they are seen no more.

As the King and his knights went down the hill
 A wild boar, crost the way ;
 “ Follow him ! follow him !” cried the King ;
 “ We have time by the Queen's delay !”

A-hunting of the boar astray
 Is King Affonso gone :
 Slowly, slowly, but straight the while,
 Queen Orraca is coming on.

And winding now the train appears
 Between the olive-trees :
 Queen Orraca alighted then,
 And fell upon her knees.

The friars of Alahquer came first,
 And next the relics past ; ...
 Queen Orraca look'd to see
 The King and his knights come last.

She heard the horses tramp behind ;
 At that she turn'd her face :
 King Affonso and his knights came up
 All panting from the chase.

“ Have pity upon my poor soul,
 Holy Martyrs five !” cried she :
 “ Holy Mary, Mother of God,
 Virgin, pray for me !”

That day in Coimbra, .

Many a heart was gay ;

But the heaviest heart in Coimbra,

Was that poor Queen's that day.

The festival is over,

The sun hath sunk in the west ;

All the people in Coimbra

Have betaken themselves to rest.

Queen Orraca's father confessor

At midnight is awake ;

Kneeling at the Martyrs' shrine,

And praying for her sake.

Just at the midnight hour, when all.

Was still as still could be,

Into the church of Santa Cruz,

Came a saintly company :

All in robes of russet grey,
 Poorly were they dight ;
 Each one girdled with a cord,
 Like a friar minorite.

But from those robes of russet grey,
 There flow'd a heavenly light ;
 For each one was the blessed soul
 Of a friar minorite.

Brighter than their brethren,
 Among the beautiful band ;
 Five there were, who each did bear
 A palm branch in his hand.

He who led the brethren,
 A living man was he ;
 And yet he shone the brightest
 Of all the company.

Before the steps of the altar,
 Each one bow'd his head ;
 And then with solemn voice they sung
 The service of the dead.

“ And who are ye, ye blessed saints ?”
 The father confessor said ;
 “ And for what happy soul sing ye
 The service of the dead ?”

“ These are the souls of our brethren in bliss,
 The Martyrs five are we :
 And this is our father Francisco,
 Among us bodily.

“ We are come hither to perform
 Our promise to the Queen ;
 Go thou to King Affonso,
 And say what thou hast seen.”

There was loud knocking at the door,
As the heavenly vision fled ;
And the porter called to the confessor,
To tell him the Queen was dead.

1803.

A BALLAD,

SHEWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE,
AND WHO RODE BEFORE HER.

A. D. 852. Circa dies istos, mulier quædam malefica, in villâ quæ Berkeleia dicitur degens, gulæ amatrix ac petulantia, flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Hæc die quadam cum sederet ad prandium, cornicula quam pro delitiis pascebat, nescio quid garrere cœpit; quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul et facies pallescere cœpit, et emisso rugitu, hodie, inquit, accipiam grande incommodum, hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncius doloris intravit; muliere vero percunctata ad quid veniret, affero, inquit, tibi filii tui obitum & totius familiæ ejus ex subitâ ruinâ interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit graviter infirmata; sentiensque morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum videlicet et monacham, per epistolam invitavit; advenientes autem voce singultiente alloquitur. Ego, inquit, o pueri, meo miserabili fato dæmoniacis semper artibus inservi; ego omnium vitiorum sentina, ego illecebrarum omnium fui magistra. Erat tamen mihi inter hæc mala, spes vestræ

religionis, quæ meam solidaret animam desperatam; vos expectabam propugnatores contra dæmones, tutores contra savissimos hostes. Nunc igitur quoniam ad finem vitæ perveni, rogo vos per materna ubera, ut mea tentatis alleviare tormenta. Insuite me defunctam in corio cervino, ac deinde in sarcophago lapideo supponite, operculumque ferro et plumbo constringite, ac demum lapidem tribus catenis ferreis et fortissimis circumdantes, clericos quinquaginta psalmorum cantores, et tot per tres dies presbyteros missarum celebratores applicate, qui feroces lenigent adversariorum incursus. Ita si tribus noctibus secunda jacuero, quartâ die me infodite humo.

Factumque est ut præceperat illis. Sed, prohi dolor! nil preces, nil lacrymæ, nil demum valere catenæ. Primis enim duabus noctibus, cum chori psallentium corpori assistebant, advenientes Dæmones ostium ecclesiæ confregerunt ingenti obice clausum, extremasque catenas negotio levi dirumpunt; media autem quæ fortior erat, illibata manebat. Tertiâ autem nocte, circa gallicinium, strepitu hostium adventantium, omne monasterium visum est a fundamento moveri. Unus ergo dæmonum, et vultu cæteris terribilior & staturâ eminentior, januas Ecclesiæ impetu violento concussas in fragmenta dejecit. Divexerunt clerici cum laicis, metu steterunt omnium capilli, et psalmorum concentus defecit. Dæmon ergo gestu ut videbatur arroganti ad sepulchrum accedens, & nomen mulieris modicum ingeminans, surgere imperavit. Quâ respondente, quod nequiret pro vinculis, jam malo tuo, inquit, solveris; et protinus catenam quæ cæterorum ferociam dæmonum deluserat, velut stuppeum vinculum rumpebat. Operculum etiam sepulchri pede depellens, mulierem palam omnibus ab ecclesiâ extraxit, ubi præ foribus niger equus superbe hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis et clavis undique confixus, super

quem misera mulier projecta, ab oculis assistentium evanuit. Audiebantur tamen clamores per quatuor fere miliaria horribiles, auxilium postulantes.

Ista itaque quæ retuli incredibilia non erunt, si legatur beati Gregorii dialogus, in quo refert, hominem in ecclesiâ sepultum, a dæmonibus foras ejectum. Et apud Francos Carolus Martellus insignis vir fortitudinis, qui Saracenos Galliam ingressos, Hispaniam redire compulit, exactis vitæ suæ diebus, in Ecclesiâ beati Dionysii legitur fuisse sepultus. Sed quia patrimonia, cum decimis omnium fere ecclesiarum Galliæ, pro stipendio commilitonum suorum mutilaverat, miserabiliter a malignis spiritibus de sepulchro corporaliter avulsus, usque in hodiernum diem nusquam comparuit.

Matthew of Westminster.

This story is also related by Olaus Magnus, and in the Nuremberg Chronicle.

THE Raven croak'd as she sate at her meal,
 And the Old Woman knew what he said,
 And she grew pale at the Raven's tale,
 And sicken'd and went to her bed.

" Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with
speed,"

The Old Woman of Berkeley said,

" The monk my son, and my daughter the nun,
Bid them hasten or I shall be dead."

The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,

Their way to Berkeley went,

And they have brought with pious thought

The holy sacrament.

The Old Woman shriek'd as they enter'd her door,

'Twas fearful her shrieks to hear,

" Now take the sacrament away,

For mercy, my children dear!"

Her lip it trembled with agony,

The sweat ran down her brow,

" I have tortures in store for evermore,

Oh! spare me, my children, now!"

Away they sent the sacrament,
The fit it left her weak,
She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes,
And faintly struggled to speak.

“ All kind of sin I have rioted in,
And the judgement now must be,
But I secured my children's souls,
Oh ! pray, my children, for me !

“ I have suck'd the breath of sleeping babes,
The fiends have been my slaves,
I have 'nointed myself with infants' fat,
And feasted on rifled graves.

“ And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,
My witchcrafts to atone ;
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave
Shall never have rest in my own.

“ Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,
My children, I beg of you ;
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
And sprinkle my coffin too.

“ And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,
And fasten it strong, I implore,
With iron bars, and with three chains,
Chain it to the church floor.

“ And bless the chains and sprinkle them,
And let fifty priests stand round,
Who night and day the mass may say,
Where I lie on the ground.

“ And see that fifty choristers
Beside the bier attend me,
And day and night by the taper's light,
With holy hymns defend me.

“ Let the church bells all both great and small,
 Be toll'd by night and day,
 To drive from thence the fiends who come
 To bear my body away.

“ And ever have the church door barr'd
 After the even song ;
 And I beseech 'you, children dear,
 Let the bars and bolts be strong.
 t”

“ And let this be three days and nights
 My wretched corpse to save,
 Keep me so long from the fiendish throng,
 And then I may rest in my grave.”

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down,
 And her eyes grew deadly dim,
 Short came her breath and the struggle of death
 Did loosen every limb.

They blest the old woman's winding sheet
With rites and prayers due,
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud,
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone,
And with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled them,
And fifty priests stood round,
By night and day the mass to say
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred choristers
Beside the bier attend her,
Who day and night by the taper's light
Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the priests and choristers

It was a goodly sight,

Each holding, as it were a staff,

A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all both great and small,

Did toll so loud and long,

And they have barr'd the church door hard,

After the even song,

And the first night the tapers' light

Burnt steadily and clear,

But they without a hideous rout

Of angry fiends could hear ;

A hideous roar at the church door

Like a long thunder peal,

And the priests they pray'd, and the choristers sung

Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well,
 The tapers they burnt bright,
 The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,
 They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew
 From the voice of the morning away;
 Then undisturb'd the choristers sing,
 And the fifty priests they pray;
 As they had sung and pray'd all night
 They pray'd and sung all day.

The second night the tapers' light
 Burnt dimly and blue,
 And every one saw his neighbour's face
 Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise
 That the stoutest heart might shock,
 And a deafening roaring like a cataract pouring
 Over a mountain rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads
 As fast as they could tell,
 And aye as louder grew the noise
 The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung
 As they trembled more and more,
 And the priests as they pray'd to heaven for aid,
 They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew
 From the voice of the morning away ;
 Then undisturb'd the choristers sing,
 And the fifty priests they pray ;
 As they had sung and pray'd all night
 They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame
 A hideous stench did make,
 And they burnt as though they had been-dipt
 In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
Grew momentarily more and more,
And strokes as of a battering ram,
Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen they, for very fear,
Could toll the bell no longer,
And still as louder grew the strokes,
Their fear it grew the stronger.

The monk and nun forgot their beads,
They fell on the ground in dismay,
There was not a single saint in heaven
To whom they did not pray.

And the choristers' song which late was so strong,
Falter'd with consternation,
For the church did rock as an earthquake shock
Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast,
That shall one day wake the dead,
The strong church door could bear no more,
And the bolts and the bars they fled.

And the taper's light was extinguish'd quite,
And the choristers faintly sung,
And the priests dismay'd, panted and pray'd
And on all Saints in Heaven for aid
They call'd with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame,
The Devil to fetch the dead,
And all the church with his presence glow'd
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,
And the coffin lid, which was barr'd so firm,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise,
And come with her master away,
And the cold sweat stood on the cold, cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd the fiend to the church door,
There stood a black horse there ;
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The fiend he flung her on the horse,
And he leapt up before,
And away like the lightning's speed they went,
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries and shrieks
For four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest at their mothers' breast,
Started and screamed with fear.

1798.

THE SURGEON'S WARNING.

The subject of this parody was given me by a friend, to whom also I am indebted for some of the stanzas.

Respecting the patent coffins herein mentioned, after the manner of Catholic Poets, who confess the actions they attribute to their Saints and Deity to be but fiction, I hereby declare that it is by no means my design to depreciate that useful invention; and all persons to whom this Ballad shall come, are requested to take notice, that nothing here asserted concerning the aforesaid Coffins is true, except that the maker and patentee lives by St. Martin's Lane.

THE Doctor whisper'd to the Nurse,
 And the Surgeon knew what he said;
 And he grew pale at the Doctor's tale,
 And trembled in his sick-bed.

“ Now fetch me my brethren, and fetch them with
speed,”

The Surgeon affrighted said ;

“ The Parson and the Undertaker,
Let them hasten or I shall be dead.”

The Parson and the Undertaker

They hastily came complying,

And the Surgeon's Prentices ran up stairs

When they heard that their master was dying.

The Prentices all they enter'd the room, .

By one, by two, by three,

With a sly grin came Joseph in,

First of the company.

The Surgeon swore as they enter'd his door,

'Twas fearful his oaths to hear, . .

“ Now send these scoundrels out of my sight,

I beseech ye, my brethren dear.”

He foam'd at the mouth with the rage he felt,
And he wrinkled his black eye-brow,
“ That rascal Joe would be at me, I know,
But zounds let him spare me now !”

Then out they sent the Prentices,
The fit it left him weak,
He look'd at his brothers with ghastly eyes,
And faintly struggled to speak.

“ All kinds of carcasses I have cut up,
And the judgement now must be ;
But, brothers, I took care of you,
So pray take care of me.

“ I have made candles of infants' fat,
The Sextons have been my slaves,
I have bottled babes unborn, and dried
Hearts and livers from rifled graves.

“ And my Prentices now will surely come •
And carve me bone from bone;
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave
Shall never have rest in my own.

“ Bury me in lead when I am dead,
My brethren, I entreat,
And see the coffin weigh'd I beg,
Lest the Plumber should be a cheat.

“ And let it be solder'd closely down,
Strong as strong can be, I implore,
And put it in a patent coffin,
That I may rise no more.

“ If they carry me off in the patent coffin
Their labour will be in vain,
Let the Undertaker see it bought of the maker,
Who lives by St. Martin's Lane.

“ And bury me in my brother’s church,
For that will safer be;
And I implore, lock the church door,
And pray take care of the key.

“ And all night long let three stout men
The vestry watch within,
To each man give a gallon of beer,
And a keg of Holland’s gin;

“ Powder and ball and blunderbuss,
To save me if he can,
And eke, five guineas if he shoot
A resurrection man.

“ And let them watch me for three weeks,
My wretched corpse to save,
For then I think that I may stink
Enough to rest in my grave.”

The Surgeon laid him down in his bed,
His eyes grew deadly dim,
Short came his breath and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb.

They put him in lead when he was dead,
And shrouded up so neat,
And they the leaden coffin weigh,
Lest the plumber should be a cheat.

They had it solder'd closely down,
And examined it o'er and o'er,
And they put it in a patent coffin
That he might rise no more.

For to carry him off in a patent coffin,
Would, they thought, be but labour in vain,
So the Undertaker saw it bought of the maker,
Who lives by St. Martin's Lane.

In his brother's church they buried him,
That safer he might be,
They lock'd the door, and would not trust
The Sexton with the key.

And three men in the vestry watch
To save him if they can,
And should he come there to shoot they swear
A resurrection man.

And the first night by lanthorn light
Through the church-yard as they went,
A guinea of gold the Sexton shew'd
That Mister Joseph sent.

But conscience was tough, it was not enough,
And their honesty never swerved,
And they bade him go with Mister Joe
To the Devil as he deserved.

So all night long by the vestry fire
 They quaff'd their gin and ale,
 And they did drink as you may think,
 And told full many a tale.

The second night by lanthorn light
 Through the church-yard as they went,
 He whisper'd anew and shew'd them two
 That Mister Joseph sent.

The guineas were bright and attracted their sight
 They look'd so heavy and new,
 And their fingers itch'd as they were bewitch'd,
 And they knew not what to do.

But they waver'd not long, for conscience was strong,
 And they thought they might get more,
 And they refused the gold, but not
 So rudely as before.

So all night long by the vestry fire
 They quaff'd their gin and ale,
And they did drink, as you may think,
 And told full many a tale.

The third night as by lanthorn light
 Through the church-yard they went,
He bade them see and shew'd them three
 That Mister Joseph sent.

They look'd askaunce with greedy glance,
 The guineas they shone bright,
For the Sexton on the yellow gold
 Let fall his lanthorn light.

And he look'd sly with his roguish eye,
 And gave a well-timed wink,
And they could not stand the sound in his hand,
 For he made the guineas chink.

And conscience, late that had such weight,
All in a moment fails,
For well they knew that it was true
A dead man told no tales.

And they gave all their powder and ball,
And took the gold so bright,
And they drank their beer and made good cheer,
Till now it was midnight.

Then, though the key of the church-door
Was left with the parson, his brother,
It open'd at the Sexton's touch, . . .
Because he had another.

And in they go with that villain Joe,
To fetch the body by night,
And all the church look'd dismally
By his dark-lanthorn light.

They laid the pick-axe to the stones,
And they moved 'them soon asunder ;
They shovell'd away the hard-prest clay,
And came to the coffin under.

They burst the patent coffin first,
And they cut through the lead ;
And they laugh'd aloud when they saw the shroud,
Because they had got at the dead.

And they allow'd the Sexton the shroud,
And they put the coffin back ;
And nose and knees they then did squeeze
The Surgeon in a sack.

The watchmen as they past along
Full four yards off could smell,
And a curse bestow'd upon the load
So disagreeable.

So they carried the sack a-pick-a-back,
And they carved him bone from bone,
But what became of the Surgeon's soul
Was never to mortal known.

1798.

HENRY THE HERMIT.

It was a little island where he dwelt,
A solitary islet, bleak and bare,
Short scanty herbage spotting with dark spots
Its grey stone surface. Never mariner
Approach'd that rude and uninviting coast,
Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark
Anchor'd beside its shore. It was a place
Befitting well a rigid anchoret,
Dead to the hopes and vanities and joys,
And purposes of life : and he had dwelt
Many long years upon that lonely isle ;
For in ripe manhood he abandon'd arms,
Honours and friends and country and the world,
And had grown old in solitude. That isle

Some solitary man in other times
 Had made his dwelling-place ; and Henry found
 The little chapel which his toil had built
 Now by the storms unroof'd, his bed of leaves
 Wind-scatter'd; and his grave o'ergrown with grass,
 And thistles, whose white seeds, there wing'd in vain,
 Wither'd on rocks, or in the waves were lost.
 So he repair'd the chapel's ruin'd roof,
 Clear'd the grey lichens from the altar-stone,
 And underneath a rock that shelter'd him
 From the sea-blast, he built his hermitage.

The peasants from the shore would bring him food,
 And beg his prayers ; but human converse else
 He knew not in that utter solitude ;
 Nor ever visited the haunts of men,
 Save when some sinful wretch on a sick bed
 Implored his blessing and his aid in death.
 That summons he delay'd not to obey,
 Though the night-tempest or autumnal wind
 Madden'd the waves ; and though the mariner,

Albeit relying on his saintly load,
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived
A most austere and self-denying man,
Till abstinence and age and watchfulness
Had worn him down, and it was pain at last
To rise at midnight from his bed of leaves
And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not the less,
Though with reluctance of infirmity,
Rose he at midnight from his bed of leaves
And bent his knees in prayer; but with more zeal,
More self-condemning fervour, raised his voice
Imploring pardon for the natural sin
Of that reluctance, till the atoning prayer
Had satisfied his heart, and given it peace,
And the repented fault became a joy.

One night upon the shore his chapel-bell
Was heard; the air was calm, and its far sounds
Over the water came, distinct and loud.
Alarm'd at that unusual hour to hear
Its toll'irregular, a monk arose,

One act of justice, one atoning blow,
 One execrable head laid low,
 Even yet, O France ! averts thy punishment.
 Open thine eyes ! too long hast thou been blind !
 Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind !

8.

Oh if thou lovest thine ancient fame,
 Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame !
 By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's beach ;
 By the blood which on Domingo's shore
 Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with gore ;
 By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain,
 Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain
 Of frozen Moscovy ;
 By the bodies which lie all open to the sky,
 Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight ;
 By the widow's and the orphan's cry ;
 By the childless parent's misery ;
 By the lives which he hath shed ;
 By the ruin he hath spread ;

By the prayers which rise for curses on his head ;
 Redeem, O France ! thine ancient fame !
 Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame !
 Open thine eyes ! . . too long hast thou been blind !
 Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind !

9.

By those horrors which the night
 Witness'd when the torches' light
 To the assembled murderers show'd
 Where the blood of Condé flow'd ;
 By thy murder'd Pichegru's fame ;
 By murder'd Wright, . . an English name ;
 By murder'd Palm's atrocious doom ;
 By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom ;
 Oh by the virtuous blood thus vilely spilt,
 The Villain's own peculiar private guilt,
 Open thine eyes ! too long hast thou been blind !
 Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind !
 Pluck from the Upstart's head thy sullied crown !
 Down with the Tyrant, with the Murderer down !

Yet while the fane rose slowly from the ground,
 But little store of charity, I ween,
 The passing pilgrim at Moscera found ;
 And often there the mendicant was seen
 Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door,
 For this so costly work still kept the brethren poor.

Now all is perfect, and from every side
 They flock to view the fabric, young and old.
 Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,
 When on the Sabbath-day his eyes behold
 The multitudes that crowd his chapel-floor,
 Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more.

So chanced it that Gualberto pass'd that way,
 Since sainted for a life of holy deeds.
 He paused the new-rear'd convent to survey,
 And, whilst o'er all its bulk his eye proceeds,
 Sorrows, as one whose holier feelings deem
 That ill so proud a pile did humble monks beseem.

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,
 And forth he came to greet the holy guest ;
 For he was known as one who held the law
 Of Benedict, and each severe behest
 So duly kept with such religious care,
 That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his
 prayer.

“ Good brother, welcome !” thus Rodulfo cries,
 “ In sooth it glads me to behold you here ;
 It is Gualberto ! and mine aged eyes
 Did not deceive me : yet full many a year
 Hath slipt away, since last you bade farewell
 To me your host and my uncomfortable cell.

“ ’Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,
 And such as suited ill a guest so dear.
 The pile was ruinous old, the base unsound ;
 It glads me more to bid you welcome here,
 For you can call to mind our former state !
 Come, brother, pass with me the new Moscera’s gate.”

So spake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile
 Of answering joy relax'd Gualberto's brow ;
 He raised his hand and pointed to the pile,
 " Moscera better pleased me then, than now !
 A palace this, befitting kingly pride !
 Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide ?"

" Aye," cries Rodulfo, " 'tis a stately place !
 And pomp becomes the house of worship well.
 Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face !
 When earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,
 Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,
 Can poor and sordid huts beseem the Lord of all ?"

" And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high
 To serve your God ?" the monk severe replied.
 " It rose from zeal and earnest piety,
 And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside ?
 Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere
 In humble hermit cell, God will incline his ear.

“ Rodulfo ! while this haughty building rose,
 Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door ?
 Did charity relieve the orphans’ woes ?
 Clothed ye the naked ? did ye feed the poor ?
 He who with alms most succours the distrest,
 Proud Abbot ! know he serves his heavenly Father
 best.

“ Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell
 Who first abandon’d all to serve the Lord ?
 Their place of worship was the desert cell,
 Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board,
 And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,
 They blest their gracious God, and ‘ thought it
 luxury.’ ”

Then anger darken’d in Rodulfo’s face ;
 “ Enough of preaching,” sharply he replied,
 “ Thou art grown envious ; .. ’tis a common case,
 Humility is made the cloak of pride.
 Proud of our home’s magnificence are we,
 But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary.”

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone,
 “ O, Father, hear me ! if this splendid pile
 Was for thine honour rear’d, and thine alone,
 Bless it, O Father, with thy fostering smile !
 Still may it stand, and never evil know,●
 Long as beside its walls the eternal stream shall flow.

“ But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men
 Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast
 lent,
 To pamper worldly pride ; frown on it then !
 Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent !
 Let yonder brook, that flows so calm beside,
 Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of
 pride !”

He said, . . and lo, the brook no longer flows !
 The waters pause, and now they swell on high ;
 High and more high the mass of water grows ;
 The affrighted brethren from Mosceras fly,
 And on their Saints and on their God they call,
 For now the mountain bulk o’ertops the convent wall.

It falls, the mountain bulk, with thundering sound!
 Full on Moscera's pile the vengeance falls!
 Its lofty tower now rushes to the ground,
 Prone lie its columns now, its high arch'd walls,
 Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,
 That from its base swept down the unholy house*
 of pride.

* * * * *

* Era amigo de pobreza, en tanto grado, que sentia mucho, que los Monasterios se edificassen sumptuosamente; y assi visitando el de Moscera y viendo un edificio grande, y elegante, buelto à Rodulpho, que era alli Abad, con el rostro ayrado le dixo: Con lo que has gastado, siguiendo tu parecer, en este magnifico edificio, has quitado el sustento a muchos pobres. Puso los ojos en un pequeno arroyo, que corria alli cerca, y dixo, Dios Omnipotente, que sueles hacer grandes cosas de pequenas criaturas, yo te ruego, que vea por medio de esta pequeno arroyo venganza de este gran edificio. Dixo esto, y fuese de alli como abominando el lugar; y siendo oido, el arroyuelo comenzo a crecer, y fue de suerte, que recogiendo un monte de agua, y tomando de atrás la corriente, vino con tan grande impetu, que llevando piedras y arboles consigo, derribo el edificio.

Flos Sanctorum, por El Maestro Alonso de Villegas.

Were old Gualberto's reasons built on truth,
 Dear George, or like Moscera's base unsound ?
 This sure I know, that glad am I, in sooth,
 He only play'd his pranks in foreign ground ;
 For had he turn'd the stream on England too,
 The Vandal monk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

Then Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight,
 Nor Battle's vast and venerable pile ;
 I had not traversed then with such delight
 The hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle,
 Where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestow'd
 On those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike
 road.

Wells would have fallen, dear George, our coun-
 try's pride ;
 And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain,
 Nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried,
 Which when thou seest far o'er the fenny plain,
 Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way,
 Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

And we should never then have heard, I think,
 At evening hour, great Tom's tremendous knell.
 The fountain streams that now in Christ-church stink,
 Had niagara'd o'er the quadrangle ;
 But, as 'twas beauty that deserved the flood,
 I ween, dear George, thy own old Pompey might
 Have stood. .

Then had not Westminster, the house of God,
 Served for a concert-room, or signal-post ;
 Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod,
 Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest boast ;
 And, eager to destroy the unholy walls,
 Fleet-ditch had roll'd uphill to overwhelm St. Paul's.

George, dost thou deem the legendary deeds
 Of Romish saints a useless medley store
 Of lies, that he flings time away who reads ?
 And would'st thou rather bid me puzzle o'er
 Matter and Mind and all the eternal round,
 Plunged headlong down the dark and fathomless
 profound ?

His perfected discovery brought ;
 He by whose generous toils
 This foul reproach ere long shall be effaced,
 This root of evil be eradicate !
 Yea, generations yet unborn
 Shall owe their weal to him,
 And future nations bless
 The honour'd name of Bell.

9.

Now may that blessed edifice
 Of public good be rear'd
 Which holy Edward traced,
 The spotless Tudor, he whom Death
 Too early summon'd to his heavenly throne !
 For Brunswick's line was this great work reserved
 For Brunswick's fated line ;
 They who from papal darkness, and the thrall
 Of that worst bondage which doth hold
 The immortal spirit chain'd,
 Saved us in happy hour.

Fitly for them was this great work reserved ;
 So, Britain, shall thine aged monarch's wish
 Receive its due accomplishment,
 That wish which with the good
 (Had he no other praise)
 Through all succeeding times would rank his name,
 That all within his realms
 Might learn the Book, which all
 Who rightly learn, shall live !

10. .

From public fountains the perennial stream
 Of public weal must flow.
 O England, wheresoe'er thy churches stand,
 There on that sacred ground
 Where the rich harvest of mortality
 Is laid, as in a garner, treasured up,
 There plant the Tree of Knowledge ! Water it
 With thy perpetual bounty ! It shall spread
 Its branches o'er the venerable pile,
 Shield it against the storm,
 And bring forth fruits of life.

But while devoutly thus the unarm'd knight
 Waits till the holy service should be o'er,
 Even then the foremost in the furious fight
 Was he beheld to bathe his sword in gore,
 First in the van his plumes were seen to play,
 And Spain to him decreed the glory of the day.

The truth is told, and all at once exclaim,
 His guardian angel Heaven had deign'd to send;
 And thus the tale is handed down to fame.
 Now if our good Sir Fernan had a friend
 Who in the hour of danger served him well,
 Dear George, the tale is true, and yet no miracle.

sabido lo que passava, quedo mas conocida la inocencia y
 esfuérço de Antolinez.

Mariana.

Perhaps this miracle, and its obvious interpretation, may have
 suggested to Florian the circumstance by which his Gonsalvo
 is prevented from combating and killing the brother of his mis-
 tress. Florian was fond of Spanish literature,

I am not one who scan with scornful eyes
 The dreams which make the enthusiast's best
 delight ;
 Nor thou the legendary lore despise
 If of Gualberto yet again I write,
 How first impell'd he sought the convent-cell ;
 A simple tale it is*, but one that pleased me well.

* * * * *

* Llamóse el padre Gualberto, y era señor de Valdespesa, que está entre Sena, y Florencia : seguia la milicia ; y como le matassen un su deudo cercano injustamente, indignados, assi el hijo, que era ya hombre, como el padre, con mucho cuydado buscavan ocasion, como vengar aquella muerte. Succedio, que viniendo à Florencia el hijo, con un criado suyo, hombre valiente, y los dos bien armados, à cavallo, vio à su enemigo, y en lugar que era imposible irseles : lo qual considerado por el contrario, y que tenia cierta su muerte, descendió de un cavallo, en que venia, y puesto de rodillas le pidió, juntas las manos, por Jesu-Christo crucificado, le perdonasse la vida. Enterneciósse Juan Gualberto, oyendo el nombre de Jesu-Christo crucificado ; y dixóle, que por amor de aquel Señor, que rogó en la Cruz por los que le pusieron en ella, el le perdonava. Pidióle, que se levantassee, y perdiesse el temor, que ya no por enemigo, sino por amigo le queria, y que de Dios, por quien hacia esto, esperaba el premio. Passó ade-

Fortune had smiled upon Gualberto's birth,
 The heir of Valdespesa's rich domain.
 An only child, he grew in years and worth,
 And well repaid a father's anxious pain.
 Oft had his sire in battle forced success,
 Well for his valour known, and known for haugh-
 tiness.

lante Gualberto; y viendo una Iglesia en un monte cerca de Florencia, llamada de San Miniato, que era de Monges negros, entró en ella para dar gracias á Jesu Christo nuestro Señor por la merced, que le havia hecho en favorecerle, de que perdonasse, y no tomasse venganza de su enemigo: pusose de rodillas delante de un Crucifixo, el qual, viendolo el, y otros que estavan presentes, desde la Cruz inclinó la cabeza à Gualberto, como agradeciendo, y daodole gracias, de que por su amor huviessse perdonado la vida à su enemigo. Descubrióse el caso, y fue publico, y muy celebrado, y el Crucifixo fue tenido en grande reverencia en aquella Iglesia de S. Miniato. Quedó Juan Gualberto de este acaecimiento, trocado en otro varon, y determinó dexar el mundo, y las cosas perecederas de el.

Flos Sanctorum.

It chanced that one in kindred near allied
 Was slain by his hereditary foe ;
 Much by his sorrow moved and more by pride,
 The father vow'd that blood for blood should flow,
 And from his youth Gualberto had been taught
 That with unceasing hate should just revenge be
 sought.

Long did they wait ; at length the tidings came
 That through a lone and unfrequented way,
 Soon would Anselmo, such the murderer's name,
 Pass on his journey home, an easy prey.
 "Go," cried the father, "meet him in the wood!"
 And young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

When now the youth was at the forest shade
 Arrived, it drew toward the close of day ;
 Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,
 And he, already wearied with his way,
 Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined,
 And thoughts of near revenge alone possess'd his mind.

Slow sunk the glorious sun, a roseate light
 Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays ;
 The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's sight
 Soften'd in shade, .. he could not chuse but gaze ;
 And now a placid greyness clad the heaven,
 Save where the west retain'd the last green light of even.

Cool breathed the grateful air, and fresher now
 The fragrance of the autumal leaves arose ;
 The passing gales scarce moved the o'erhanging bough,
 And not a sound disturb'd the deep repose,
 Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,
 Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.

Is there who has not felt the deep delight,
 The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart ?
 The heart they will not soften is not right,
 And young Gualberto was not hard of heart.
 Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,
 When from a neighbouring church he heard the
 vesper-bell.

The Catholic who hears that vesper-bell,
 Howe'er employ'd, must send a prayer to
 Heaven.

In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
 For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
 It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,
 It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-
 prayer.

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold
 Each pious duty with religious care,
 And,..for the young man's feelings were not cold,
 He never yet had mist his vesper-prayer.
 But strange misgivings now his heart invade,
 And when the vesper-bell had ceased he had not pray'd?

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd?
 The sudden doubt arose within his mind,
 And many a former precept then he weigh'd,
 The words of Him who died to save mankind;
 How 'twas the meek who should inherit heaven,
 And man must man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope,
 That yet some chance his victim might delay.
 So as he mused adown the neighbouring slope
 He saw a lonely traveller on his way ;
 And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd, . .
 His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murder-
 ous sword.

“ The house of Valdespesa gives the blow !
 Go, and our vengeance to our kinsman tell ! ”
 Despair and terror seized the unarm'd foe,
 And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell,
 And stopt his hand and cried, “ Oh, do not take
 A wretched sinner's life ! mercy, for Jesus' sake ! ”

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,
 Conscience, the God within him, smote his heart.
 His hand, for murder raised, unharming fell ;
 He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start ;
 A moment mute in holy horror stood,
 Then cried, “ Joy, joy, my God ! I have not shed his
 blood ! ”

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live,
 And bless, for both preserved, that holy name :
 And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to forgive
 The bloody purpose led by which he came.
 Then to the neighbouring church he sped away,
 His over-burden'd soul before his God to lay.

He ran with breathless speed, .. he reach'd the door,
 With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell, ..
 He came to crave for pardon, to adore
 For grace vouchsafed ; before the cross he fell,
 And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there
 He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

A blest illusion ! from that very night
 The monk's austerest life devout he led ;
 And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight.
 Seraphic visions floated round his head ;
 The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul,
 And still the good man's name adorns the sainted roll.

1799.

THE END.



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